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"IS SERCIERTY TO BE REORGANIZED? IS THE WURKIN'-MAN TO HEV HIS RIGHTS? THAT'S WOT I WANTS TO KNOW!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains, among other interesting matter, several views in Cyprus, and a spirited double-page engraving representing the Festival of the Holy Fire.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

THE common assertion that Mr. BLAINE forced the Southern question upon the last Presidential canvass and made it the leading issue is a tribute to his skill in leadership which makes his late declaration at Biddeford interesting and significant. He began his speech in that city, as reported, with this remark: "By common consent the currency question is the great question before the people." It is undoubtedly one of the most vital of issues, and the most strenuous and skillful efforts at platform-building can not change the fact. We observe, indeed, that it is sometimes said by those who wish to avoid the financial question that the Republican party is in danger of making the mistake of the old Whig party in preferring questions of political economy to those of human rights. A man who says this does not know what he means. Political economy is the science of human rights. One of its chief problems is a fair adjustment of the relations of labor and capital; how to tax equably: in a word, how to organize justice in industry. It is a term that is made very naturally and easily to cover all human social relations, and slavery was emphatically a question of political economy. It was, indeed, something else. But it would have been absurd to argue that the questions had nothing to do with each other. One of the strong arguments against slavery was that as a system of labor it was fatal to proper production. The fault of the old Whig party was that it would not recognize the vital importance of the slavery question, and was untrue to its own political economy. It affected to believe the question settled, but its belief merely "settled" itself.

The assertion that the defense of human rights is now the paramount question means that the colored citizens are still abused in many Southern States. That is doubtless true, and it will be true for a long time. We grant that so long as there are authentic stories of such ill treatment the feeling between the sections will be imbittered, and therefore it is the first duty of intelligent Southerners to prevent it and to punish it summarily. But, as we have often said, the way for us to help them do this and to stimulate them to do it is not to denounce the whole section as barbarous and brutal, to show a spirit and to make coercive laws which compel all Southern whites to make common cause against us. It is by accusing "the South" of every kind of design that disappointed and baffled and vindictive people might be supposed to entertain that we make it "solid" with jealousy and hate of "the North." And it is not true that there is a general oppression of the negro. The testimony of Colonel HIGGINSON, an old Garrisonian Abolitionist and commander of colored troops in the war, is most valuable upon this point; and that of the colored Senator BRUCE, of Mississippi, is equally significant. He said in April:

> "I don't think politics will ever interfere with the progress of our people. All the bitterness and prejudice seems to have worn away, and both races are struggling together with the common good. You never hear any more of the antagonisms between the races that used to exist, and it is evident that there is a better time coming for the entire South. I think the colored people ought to make a union with the best whites, and elect the men to office who will see that they have good schools. That is their first great need. Give them education, and all the rest will come in good time."

Recently when a General GARY, evidently an ancient fire-eater, made a Bourbon Democratic speech in a Bourbon Democratic district of South Carolina, he was roundly rebuked by the Charleston *News and Courier*, the chief Democratic paper in the State. Its rebuke can not be disposed of by saying that it secretly agrees with GARY, but thinks it impolitic for him to speak out. Nor can the same answer be made to the address of the Democratic Committee of South Carolina, which declares:

> "The objects of the Democracy in retaining control of the State are....including all else, to give equal and complete protection to every public and private right of person and property, in order that the government, in the hands of the Democratic party, shall be the government of no one section, of no one race, of no one class, but of the whole people of South Carolina without limitation or restriction."

It is retorted that they don't mean it. That, however, is to be determined. They make their pledge, and they must be held to it. General and systematic oppression of the negro will be evidence of their falsehood. But meanwhile practical politics are not possible upon a theory of one party supplying the platform of the other, or of disregarding entirely what an opponent says to hold him responsible for what, for our own purposes, we declare him to mean. Certainly the Southern Democrats, under that system, would insist that Republican professions, however fair, really meant military control of the Southern States. Every Republican knows that there are honest and honorable Democrats in the North who do not wish to repudiate, nor to pay unjust Southern claims, nor to inflate the currency, nor to unseat the President, nor to join hands with KEARNEY or BUTLER, nor to restore slavery or dissolve the Union. He has plenty of proof that there are just such Democrats in the South, and his duty as a good citizen is to encourage them to gain the control of their party.

But even if abuses of the colored citizen were much more universal and flagrant than they are, they are of a kind which can not be brought into national politics. Personal protection is under local law. Even the existence of slavery itself in the Southern States, with all its cruel wrongs, was not opposed by the Republican party. Frightful as it was, the founders of the party, the Massachusetts conscience Whigs, the Ohio and New York Free-soilers, SUMNER, SEWARD, CHASE, the great party itself, did not propose to attack it in the Southern States. SUMNER'S favorite argument against its extension was that it was the creature of local law, of municipal law, and therefore that it could not extend itself into the Territories if the national authority forbade. A national party can be maintained only upon national issues, and the personal protection of the citizen in his State is not such an issue. When General BUTLER was a Republican he used to sneer that he despised a government which would protect its citizens in China and not in South Carolina. It was a cheap sneer to gull the ignorant; for General BUTLER knew that the people had provided one protection for the citizen in China and another in South Carolina. If General BUTLER'S house had been broken open, and his property stolen and his person abused, he would not have applied to the United States, but to Massachusetts, for redress. The declaration made by Mr. BLAINE at Biddeford is one of the most healthful and encouraging signs of the situation; and his speeches, so far as we have seen them, are plain and popular expositions of sound financial principles, although the financial situation would have been less obscure had he and other popular Republican leaders taken the same decided ground in Congress that he now takes upon the stump. He said, in ending the Biddeford speech, "You can not settle this question until you settle it right." That is a good old Republican principle. That is the tone of the old and earnest days when Mr. CLAY with his Omnibus Bill, and Mr. WEBSTER with his "conquering your prejudices," and the Democratic party with TANEY'S decision and the "What are you going to do about it?" set themselves against the American love of liberty and justice, which replied, decisively, "You can not settle this question until you settle it right." The words were then prophecy. They are now history.

THE GALLANT GREENBACK.

THE greenback is extolled as the money of the war, the gallant, glorious greenback that carried us through. Senator MORTON did not disdain this strain, and it is now very familiar. But without considering the necessity of the Legal-tender Act at the time of its passage, and conceding that the greenback currency was most serviceable during the war, it is evident that it was not so for any of the reasons that are urged for its illimitable or irredeemable issue, or for the printing of an indefinite quantity of paper and calling it "fiat" or "absolute" money. The greenback carried us through the war because it was a promise which it was believed would be fulfilled. The greenback did not call itself a dollar, but it pledged the government to pay a dollar when it was successful. Does any "Greenbacker" suppose that if it had been issued as "fiat" or "absolute" money, the result would have been the same? Creditors could not have refused it, of course, for old debts if it had been made a legal tender; but who could have compelled a man to sell the product of a day's labor for a piece of brown paper?

The same principle applies to the demand of the Greenback party that the government shall make the money, and issue enough of it to secure full wages to labor. How is this to be done? How is this so-called money to be put into circulation? Of course it is not to be given away; for if it be the duty of government to give money to those who ask for it, who will work, who will do the labor of production? But if it is not to be given away, it is said that at least the bonds may be paid with it. How would this help the laboring poor man? In the first place, such a "payment" would be the most flagrant breach of faith upon the part of the government, so that no man in the world would then trust its word for a penny; and in the second place, every enterprise and industry would be paralyzed by the confusion and uncertainty and loss of confidence that would follow this repudiation, and by that paralysis labor would be stopped and starved. The truth is that we can not break faith in any direction, or even propose to break it, without paying for it, and the organized agitation to persuade the country to agree to break faith prolongs and deepens the prostration of industry.

If the "fiat" or "absolute" money is not to be given away, but is to be issued in payment of the public debt, it will be paid to the holders of the debt in the first place, and will only gradually come into the hands of the laboring-man. Hence would result a condition which has been well stated by Mr. POOR in his *Hand-Book for the Times*, which is worth careful attention for its historical survey of paper money as well as for many of its financial suggestions. The result of paying paper for the debt would be the decline of every industry, and the consequent decline of demand for labor. The poorer man would then be forced to sell his actual property, so that the paper would gradually pass into the hands of the poor, and the actual property of the country into those of the rich. But as the laborer found that the paper, whether you call it "fiat" or "absolute" money, or whatever else you call it, would only buy a variable value of necessities, measured in gold, which is always the standard, he would himself demand the gold, that he might have some certainty and know the value of his money. It is but another illustration of the fact that government may call any thing it chooses money, but it can not make money by a law, nor by any quantity of printing. It can not force a man to give a day's work for a bad egg. There is nothing new or true in the doctrines of the Greenback party. The French assignats and our old Continental currency were "fiat" money. The Continental was the gallant currency of the Revolution. But that did not enable a hundred dollars of it to buy a pair of shoes. The greenback was the currency of the war for the Union. But it was an honored and honorable currency only because it was believed to be the promise of an honorable nation.

THE CAUCUS.

THERE is some warm discussion and apprehension in England of the caucus system, and "a friendly visitor" from the United States is reported as saying:

> "You are afraid of the cattle plague coming among you. That is nothing—absolutely nothing. But if you find any one importing into England the organization of 'the caucus,' slaughter him at the very first outpost. Bury him deep in quicklime in the biggest pit you can dig. For if the disease he brings once gets a foot-hold in your political life, it will make it rotten through and through, until it becomes an abomination unto all men."

This "friendly visitor" should beware. He is evidently a moon-eyed "sorehead" and leprous theorist, who goes abroad to truckle to a haughty aristocracy by slandering his own country. He has probably been unable to buy a caucus nomination, and his green envy has spoiled his temper. But his views represent the feeling of many Englishmen, who find in what is known as the "Birmingham system" plenty of reason for apprehension, especially since Mr. GLADSTONE has approved it.

The Birmingham system is simply our committee system, carried out, however, to a detail and an extreme which are unknown here, but which the New York Republican Committee was proposing to illustrate this year. Every town or borough is divided into wards, each of which elects a certain number of members of the Central Committee. This Committee then takes charge of the party interests, even to the nomination of candidates, and to their instruction after election as to the political feeling and desires of the constituency. Such a system evidently tends directly to the despotic rule of an oligarchy. It tends to make the Committee the tool of a clique or "Ring," and, in fact, turns out a "machine" of the finest kind. The London *Times*, in discussing the subject, says:

> "The excluded minorities drop away from political life; organization becomes more and more a thing in itself; and as it necessarily provokes an organization of a similar character on the other side, the phenomenon is speedily produced of two contending Committees that have come into existence no one quite knows how, struggling for the victory, and in the tyranny of their struggle dragging down the conditions of political life to the standard of the meanest. There is no magic in the English nature to keep us free from the evils to which politics in the United States have succumbed."

In replying to the *Times*, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the radical Liberal member of Parliament, admits that if the system should degenerate into a machine or ring, it has failed of its chief purpose, which is the abolition of all sectional management. But he contends that it is very much better than the system which it supersedes—a system which gave the party management to a Committee elected not by the votes of all Liberals, but by a few persons who subscribe to a local association—in other words, the New York system. This, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN justly insists, is certainly a worse plan than the Birmingham, and the argument of the *Times* is not to the point.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with great sagacity, states the reason of the mischief of our caucus system, and his remarks upon the subject are worth attention from all who do not feel that American vices instantly become virtues when pointed out by foreign observers. He is speaking of the word "caucus," and he says:

> "The sting does not lie in the original meaning of the word, but in its modern acceptance, as involving the idea of corruption unfortunately associated with American politics. I venture, however, to point out that this corruption is due, not to the representative system of organization, but to that fatal defect in the American practice which makes the occupant of every public office, whether national or local, dependent for its tenure on the success of the party to which he belongs. In England, on the contrary, the practice of our judicial appointments prevails almost invariably in every department of the public service, and our municipal officers are independent of political changes, *quamdiu se bene gesserint*."

It is the immense power of bribery which the patronage furnishes that makes caucus rule so intolerable, and produces the consequences described by the *Times*. The argument for the caucus is the old and largely valid plea of the necessity of organization. Nobody denies this. Lord BEACONSFIELD lately remarked to a deputation of his partisans, "Nature is herself organized;" adding that but for a great directing power there would be nothing but volcanoes, earthquakes, and deluges. It is true; but then, as we have before suggested, the argument for government is no argument for tyranny. Lord BEACONSFIELD'S safe generalization was familiar in the mouths of the defenders of the Holy Alliance and of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S vulgar despotism. Undoubtedly, if a party would carry its policy into effect, it must organize. Organization is as necessary to a party as to an army. This is a commonplace. But it is not an argument for the machine, and the ring, and the caucus, as we see them in this country. These things only illustrate the dangerous and absurd excesses by which an abuse is made to stand for a use. It is the constant tendency of party organization to become an end in itself, just as it is the tendency of military discipline to make martinets instead of great soldiers. The only safety lies in seeking by every means to baffle this tendency, and to hold every kind of organization to its legitimate purpose. The familiar remark of a noted politician of twenty-five years ago, that he would support the devil if he were regularly nominated, was the logical result of forgetting that a party and its organization are means, and not ends. Lord SALISBURY says that Lord MELBOURNE "used to define a supporter as a man who would support him when he was wrong." This is a very general view among party men. Lord BROUGHAM said that if the Whigs had supported their great opponent, PITT, when he fairly deserved it, the party would have gone to pieces. Fortunately, however, honorable men instinctively refuse to be slaves under any name or pretense; and the more a party of any kind is identified with a ring or a clique, so that loyalty is tested by fidelity to the party organization and not to the party purpose, the more corrupt and feeble it becomes.

A PLATFORM OF DISHONOR.

MR. THURMAN'S demand for repeal of the Resumption Act, which is now the practical Democratic platform in the Congressional elections of this year, is well defined by Judge WEST, of Ohio, in a late speech. The repeal would be a violation of the pledged faith of the nation, to compel its creditors to accept non-interest-bearing promises never to pay in exchange for interest-bearing securities payable in coin at a fixed time. To say that it would save interest is a mere juggle. So would repudiation of the whole debt. Indeed, the demand for repeal of a law which was intended to re-assure the world of American good faith, just at the moment when it has had the effect desired, and has virtually brought the paper to par, is a demand for deliberate national disgrace. The election of a Congress upon such a platform would justly win for this country the contempt of all other nations. It is not surprising, therefore, that it is advocated by those who delight in defying and insulting

the opinion of other countries, and who ask whether the nations of Europe are so peculiarly moral and pure that we should care whether they like or dislike what we do in America.

But those who say this intentionally misrepresent. It is not what "tyrants" and monarchists and political intriguers and dissolute courts and courtiers and reckless or designing speculators in Europe may think of us that is of any importance. But it is that general conscience, that universal moral sentiment, that sense of honor common to all generous and enlightened nations, whose approval is as powerful and inspiring a motive to States as that of his neighborhood or community to the individual, which every statesman bears in mind and seeks to propitiate in all great transactions. The British animus in the Treaty of Berlin may have been really only jealousy of Russian aggrandizement. But the motive alleged is the peace and progress of subject populations. Europe was full of political oppression and injustice, of outraged and suffering peoples, when our fathers proclaimed their independence. But they did not therefore scorn to make their appeal to Europe, and to declare that "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" required them to explain their action.

It is that "decent respect" of the Declaration which we are asked to renounce by Mr. THURMAN and his friends. We are invited to sustain a policy which would shock, not the knaves and rascals, but the consciences of honest and just men every where, and which would cover the American name with shame as certainly as the reign of LOUIS the Fifteenth disgraced the name of France. France, indeed, could truly plead that she was not responsible, that the ignominious court was thrust upon her without consulting her. But we are asked, by our free suffrages and after deliberate discussion, to sanction our own shame, and to flaunt it in the eyes of the world. It is not an excuse to say that to ask the repeal of an act fixing payment at a certain date is not equivalent to demanding indefinite postponement of payment or repudiation, because the demand is made by those who insist that the government should issue a permanent paper currency, and who propose no date or intention of redeeming the national word. This is evidently the Democratic tendency. Mr. THURMAN's position and his bold renunciation of his former sound views show that he thinks it will be the declared policy of his party in 1880. But there are Democrats who can not honorably yield. Mr. BAYARD, for instance, could not vote for the repeal, nor would he be alone. Such men, however, do not represent the Democratic drift. A Democratic victory in the election of this year would be construed as an instruction to repeal the Resumption Act; and that once accomplished, the financial anarchy and industrial prostration would be complete.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

THE death of HENRY ARMITT BROWN, of Philadelphia, is more than a sorrow to his friends: it is a loss to the country. The effect of such careers and harrangues as those of BUTLER and KEARNEY is best withstood by the active interest in public affairs of men like Mr. BROWN. He was a young man of a lofty sense of political duty and personal honor, of force and purity of character, admirably accomplished, holding sound views upon the most important public questions, and able to maintain them with unusual eloquence and skill. He had, no doubt, the power, also, of scorning the mean aspersions and insinuations, the lies and taunts and ribaldry, which every such man encounters from those whom he disturbs. He was, indeed, a type of the American who best understands the true value of American principles and institutions, and who knows that men like BUTLER and KEARNEY are their worst enemies.

Mr. BROWN did what every young American, and not least those of fortunate circumstances and of high education, ought to do. He made himself acquainted with public affairs, and he took an active interest in politics. It is not possible, of course, that every man in the country should devote his life, or even a great deal of time, to politics; but he should have sufficient interest and knowledge and independence to exercise a positive and, in the true sense, conservative influence upon them. It is because of a general feeling that men like Mr. BROWN can do no good in politics that there are so few men like him in politics. If there really be no need of them in our system, then a republic has no need of its best citizens. But one man like him, earnest, intelligent, sagacious, unselfish, courageous, at once shows by what he does alone how much a hundred such men together might do. Men like BUTLER and KEARNEY appeal only to passion and prejudice, swaying the brute force of ignorance, and count upon a numerical majority. Their reasoning or their instinct is that the mass of men will always be venal and ignorant, and therefore that if a leader would have a majority, he must appeal to the lowest passions. Men like Mr. BROWN know that the real justification of a popular government is the fact that brute force is always subordinated to brain force, and that immoral brain force has no advantage even with ignorant people. No man who has ever faced a mob really feared it if he knew that he would be heard. The demagogue, of every kind and degree, therefore, tries to silence his opponent by insult, or threat, or ridicule. He spurts dirty water, believing that a decent man will be unwilling to stand it. But if a man really means to do something, he will not heed blackguards.

Mr. BROWN's abilities, tastes, and circumstances fitted him so well for public life that his death is the loss of a man who might have been of conspicuous service. It is said that a high official position was open to him had he cared for it. But he showed always that his concern was less for office than for a real influence. And it is always questionable in the case of such men whether they do not lose rather than gain influence by entering official life. There are obviously two ways of serving the public, either by official action or by criticising properly the tone and methods of official action, and the time and opportunity necessary for the last are not always attainable with proper fidelity to the first. The last is one of the chief functions of the press, and in the degree that it is honestly performed the power and consideration of the press increase. It was in such subjects that Mr. BROWN was interested, and for such debates that he was especially equipped. We had no personal acquaintance with him that would authorize us to speak of delightful qualities and charms of social intercourse known to us only by report. But we sincerely deplore in his death the loss of a brave and sincere American, while all who are striving, each in his own way, for

"nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws,"

will surely find an inspiration in the remembrance of this young fellow-laborer.

THE SOUTHERN PESTILENCE.

THE terrible ravage of the yellow fever in some of the Southern cities is the most sorrowful event of the year. The daily stories of the mortality and the panic are appalling, as those of the heroic devotion of physicians and nurses are inspiring. It is in such times of great calamity that human nature is most attractive. The patience, the fidelity, the sweetness and gentleness, the deep affection, which glorify man, are never so conspicuous as in these tremendous trials. There is plenty of cowardice and fright and desertion and inhumanity, but they do not affect, except to heighten, the admirable qualities which the emergency develops. With all the vividness of descriptive detail it is yet hard to make real the situation of a city stricken by pestilence. DE FOE's photograph of the plague in London is the most familiar of such accounts, and it is painful to think that after two centuries another form of pestilence may be almost as wasting and resistless in the Southern part of our own country.

All that we can do here at the North is to give promptly and gladly what aid we may. It is a common disaster; and, in sympathy for suffering, some of the bitterness of sectional feeling on both sides may be happily lost. The response on all sides has been generous, and the sympathy is universal. The only consolation in the midst of such distress is that the expression of sincere feeling may seem to remind both sides that we are all Americans, and that there are no real grounds for sectional hostility.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

THE series of books under this title, edited by JOHN MORLEY, and published by the HARPERS, is one of the most attractive of recent literary enterprises. The volumes are of convenient size, of about two hundred pages, and they are written by accomplished scholars, each of whom has a special interest in his work. The first issue was *Samuel Johnson*, by LESLIE STEPHEN; the second, *Edward Gibbon*, by JAMES C. MORISON. Mr. MORLEY himself will write *Swift*; THOMAS HUGHES, *Dickens*; Dean STANLEY, *Spenser*; Professor HUXLEY, *Hume*; FROUDE, *Bunyan*; GOLDWIN SMITH, *Wordsworth*; WILLIAM BLACK, *Goldsmith*; and there are already fifteen memoirs in preparation. The plan of each volume, if we may judge from the *Johnson* and *Gibbon*, is to tell concisely the story of the life, with such an account of the works of the subject, and with such a rigorous suppression of unimportant details and "padding," that the reader will have a clear and definite idea both of the man and of his genius and literary position. The type of each volume is, in fact, a MACAULAY review of an author, which within reasonable limits gave the reader the information for which much research in many books would have supplied the material, but not the form. Of course there is no other resemblance, the various writers being thoroughly equipped for their duty, and with their own views of the men whom they describe.

The *Johnson* and the *Gibbon* are an admirable opening of the series, because both were exclusively men of letters of the same period, but singularly contrasted. Both, indeed, were conservative and high Tory Englishmen, but one was a cockney, in a good sense—"He who is tired of London," JOHNSON said, "is tired of life"—and the other a cosmopolitan. One was a huge, hearty, religious, dogmatic, affectionate, coarse-mannered Berserker of a man; the other a tranquil, self-indulgent, skeptical, elegant Sybarite. Both had prodigious learning for the opportunities of their time, and GIBBON's was vast in many fields, and accurate as it was great. Mr. STEPHEN's portrait of JOHNSON is quite as striking as MACAULAY's, and probably more just. He has the kindly regard for his subject which is indispensable to faithful literary portraiture; and although, of course, Boswell is the mine from which he gets his supply of fact, his own admirably trained literary judgment, his large knowledge of literature and literary history, and his sympathetic insight enable him to describe and estimate JOHNSON with singular felicity. His book is most entertaining.

The account of GIBBON and his work is, in its way, also exceedingly attractive. As we have suggested, the way is very different from that of JOHNSON. JOHNSON is the sayer of innumerable good things which are current coin in conversation and literature, but GIBBON is hardly known ever to have said a good thing. The life of neither was eventful, in the ordinary sense; but the pathos of JOHNSON's struggles with poverty, the clubs and the famous men who were his associates, and his touching fidelity to the poor waifs, his dependents, are all incidents of commanding interest. GIBBON was always moderately prosperous. He did not struggle even with his father to retain the mistress of his affections, such as they were, and he was before Mr. MARCY in describing place as spoils. He went into Parliament, as he says, "without patriotism and without ambition." He remained there a mere dummy, a ministerial pawn. When the immoral alliance was formed between Lord NORTH and FOX, GIBBON placidly writes: "From a principle of gratitude I adhered to the coalition; my vote was counted in the day of battle, but I was overlooked in the division of the spoil." But small as all this is, GIBBON is great when we come to the *History of the Decline and Fall*. Mr. MORISON gives an excellent account of his preparation and of the work itself, quoting Mr. FREEMAN's remark, and no living authority is higher: "Whatever else is read, GIBBON must be read too." It is a delightful series of works, either to impart or to renew an acquaintance with the great modern English masters of literature, while the size and elegance of the volumes make them charming travelling companions at this season.

PERSONAL.

IN Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN's *Life of Samuel Johnson*, recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is a paragraph mentioning the sums paid to various authors in England a hundred years ago. Upon TILLOTSON's death the copyright of his sermons sold for $12,500; YOUNG made $15,000 by the satire "The Universal Passion;" GAY received $5000 for his poems, $2000 for the *Beggars' Opera*, and $6000 for *Polly*, its second part; HUME received $3500 a volume for his history; ROBERTSON got $22,500 for *Charles V.*; FIELDING, $3500 for *Tom Jones*, and $5000 for *Amelia*; Mrs. RADCLIFFE was paid $2500 for the *Mysteries of Udolpho*; HORNE TOOKE, $25,000 for the *Diversions of Purley*. HAWKESWORTH was paid the large sum of $30,000 for his account of the South Sea Expedition—a book now utterly unread.

—M. GUSTAVE RIVET has just published an interesting book giving a glimpse of the home life of VICTOR HUGO. HUGO's own description of his method of work is given in this book, and is very curious. The old man says: "I generally work on a number of books at once. I pass from romance to poetry, and from the theatre to history. Except only when I am finishing a work, my labor follows my fancy, and my books are built up little by little. I rise in the morning often without knowing on what I am going to labor. According to the inspiration, I write prose or verse. Sometimes by noon the mind has changed, and I finish the day with a subject different from that of the forenoon. But there is no absolute rule."

—A writer who has recently seen Mr. SPURGEON says he has changed greatly in the past twenty years, having become broad and thickset. His heavy brown hair, with beard and whiskers surrounding his face, gives him the appearance of an English sea-captain rather than that of one of the most noted clergymen of England. He never had much of a clerical look, and has less now than ever. When he comes on the rostrum—for he has no pulpit—he looks more like the sexton arranging the books for the pastor than like the great preacher himself.

—In a recent number of the New York *Evening Post* we find this "personal:" "General and ex-Minister SCHENCK has just returned to Washington. With his two daughters he travelled over the entire State of Vermont, in company with some friends, in their own conveyances. They had a four-horse carriage, a two-horse carriage, two phaetons, and a baggage and supply wagon. The party was twenty-five days on the road, and went over almost every county in the State, drawing a good deal of attention, particularly from the small boys. Sometimes the party were asked where they were going to 'show,' and sometimes they were called a funeral procession, and were asked to point out the corpse."

—Monseigneur LANGENIEUX, Archbishop of Rheims, lately consecrated a magnificent church at Gueux, Marne, built entirely at the cost of M. EUGÈNE ROEDERER, the Champagne man, at an expense of 400,000 francs. He died before its completion, but his widow continued the work.

—It is intended that the Emperor William Fund, now being raised by popular subscription in Germany in token of gratitude for his escape from assassination, shall be devoted to pensions to be paid to old and invalid working-men.

—The Rev. THOMAS WORCESTER, who died at Waltham, Massachusetts, on the 14th August, at the age of eighty-three, was the first Swedenborgian minister in Massachusetts, having settled in Boston in 1818.

—Mr. JOHN RUSKIN is the owner of the MSS. of Sir WALTER SCOTT's *Black Dwarf*, *Woodstock*, *Peveril of the Peak*, and *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

—M. DE BLOWITZ, Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor for "exceptional services."

—Mr. MOODY gives $5000 to Wellesley College from the sale of the MOODY and SANKEY hymn-books. It will constitute a fund to be known as the "Moody and Sankey Scholarship," and be used in educating deserving beneficiaries.

—The late Cardinal FRANCHI, Papal Secretary of State, was a capital *raconteur*, and very fond of retailing PIO NONO's good sayings. This he used to repeat with a relish: Complaints had been frequently made by priests to the Propaganda of the arbitrary exercise of authority over his clergy by a certain Australian archbishop. The archbishop was informed that his presence in Rome would be esteemed a favor. He crossed the seas, and arrived in Rome. In due course he was introduced to PIO NONO, who was well conversant with the points in dispute between the archbishop and his clergy. "Oh," said PIO NONO to the archbishop, offering him a chair beside him on the dais, "you are the other Pope. Sit down, your Holiness." The rebuke cured the archbishop, and he and his clergy lived happily ever afterward. The Secretary was also a bit of a Bohemian, with all his stately courtliness. Once, on a brief visit to London, he dined at Cardinal MANNING's. He spoke in French and kept the table in a roar, and after dinner he coolly took out his cigar-case and offered cigars all round. Now smoking is rigorously interdicted at the *Maison* Manning; and it is not considered in England—for the priests, at least—at all a proper thing to indulge in the weed. The English cardinal bore the fumigation with exemplary patience; but patience has its limits, and the limit was reached when the illustrious visitor from Rome took to smoking in his bedroom. He was asked in Rome a few months ago what he smoked. "Oh," said he, "I only smoke Italian ministers—Cavours, Minghettis, etc." The Italians brand their cigars with the names of popular ministers of state. "Don't you smoke Cairolis, your Eminence?" inquired his questioner. "No; they won't last long," was the reply. He was not enthusiastic about the conversion of England to Catholicism. "It will not come in our day," he said; "not till we canonize St. Mammon." The cardinal was cynical, and not very complimentary.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE yellow fever scourge is still desolating the Southern cities. The number of deaths up to the 29th ult. was as follows: New Orleans, 845; Memphis, 299; Vicksburg, 185; Grenada, 149; Port Gibson, 35.

The National Greenback-Labor party of New Jersey met at Elizabeth on the 28th ult., and organized, and adopted a platform.

The Connecticut State Temperance Convention met at Saybrook on the 28th ult., and nominated Jesse G. Baldwin for Governor, and George P. Rogers, Jun., for Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

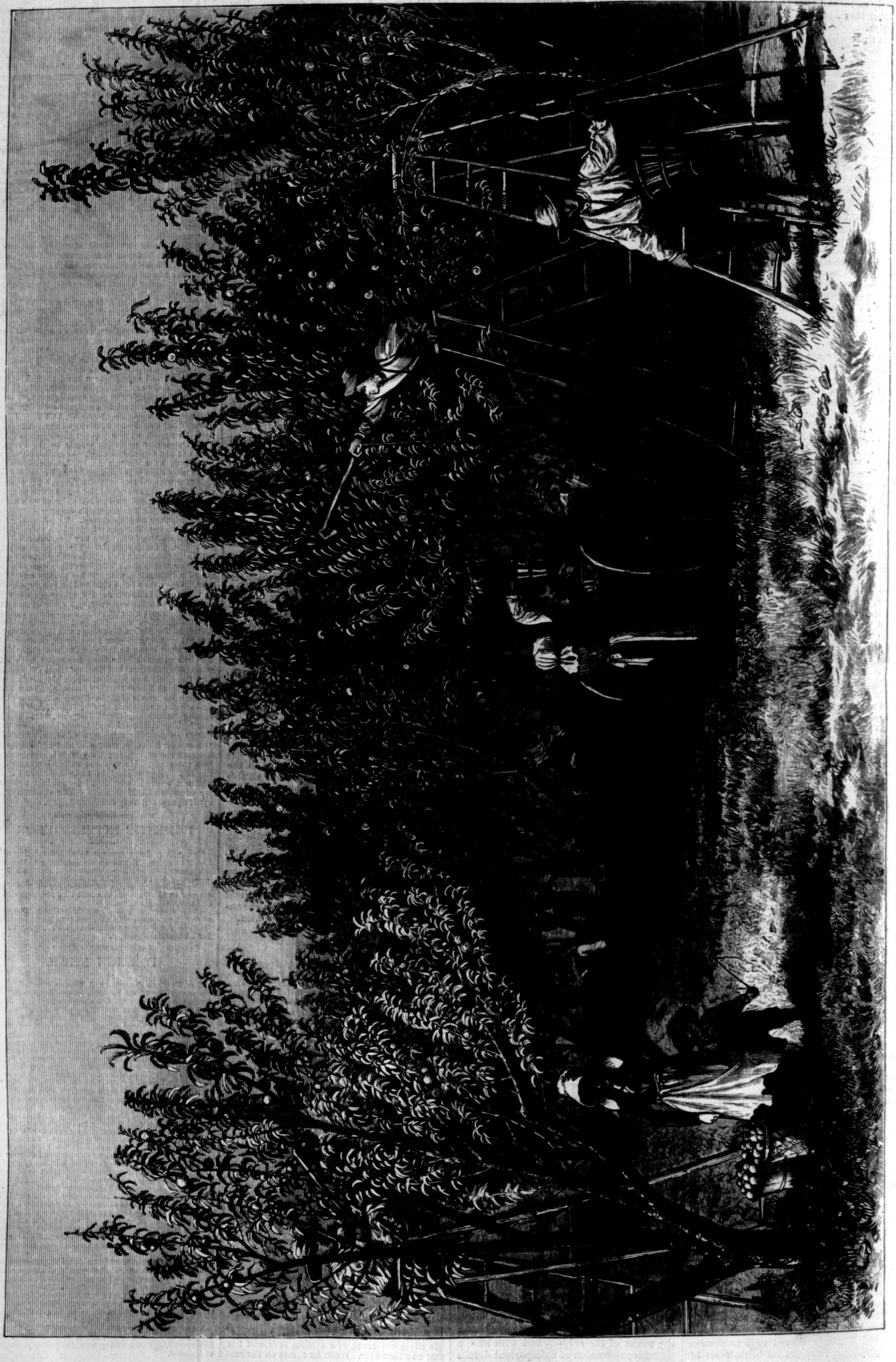
THE EASTERN QUESTION: A Vienna dispatch says the complicity of the Servians in the Bosnian insurrection is again asserted from various quarters. It is said that the rebels, retreating from Serajevo, went toward the Servian frontier, and will cross it if closely pressed. It is also stated that prisoners were captured at Doboj wearing the uniform of the Servian militia. The insurgents about Doboj have been largely re-enforced. They have vigorously attacked Doboj several times, endeavoring to turn General Szapary's positions and destroy his pontoons across the Bosna, so as to prevent re-enforcements from arriving. According to Vienna advices, General Szapary repulsed all the attacks, but Reuter's dispatch from Belgrade, dated the 26th ult., states that the insurgents declare that General Szapary has withdrawn from Doboj to the left bank of the Bosna and destroyed the bridges. They also claim that General Philippovich's army at Serajevo is seriously threatened on both flanks. Re-enforcements are coming from Austria. The insurgents are increasing in every direction.—A Russian decree has been issued revoking the prohibition of the export of horses from the Black Sea and Sea of Azof. The transportation homeward of Turkish prisoners has begun in Russia. They are sent by railroad to Sevastopol, whence they will embark for home.

The German Federal Council has adopted the bill against the Socialists as amended by the Judicial Committee. The amendments provide that the police authorities of the different states, and not the Central Federal authorities, shall be empowered to prohibit Socialist associations; and that appeals shall be taken to a committee of the Federal Council, and not to an Imperial Bureau.

The Russian government has adopted summary measures against conspirators. An imperial ukase has been issued, temporarily remitting crimes against the state and attacks upon officials to court-martial.

Lord Colin Campbell, a Liberal, and son of the Duke of Argyll, has been elected in Argyllshire to replace his brother, the Marquis of Lorne, in the British House of Commons.

A new education law has been adopted by the Chambers and sanctioned by the King, which excludes the Bible and religious teaching from the primary schools of Holland.



PICKING PEACHES IN DELAWARE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 738.]

AMONG ALIENS.*

By MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,

Author of "Veronica," "Anne Furness," "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

"You must not imagine that I was asleep all the while in the Church of the Madonna di Quintiliolo," said Signor Sandro, puffing away very contentedly at a long, thin, black cigar, with a straw in the middle of it, which he had the bad taste to prefer to one of Mr. Rutherford's good Havanas. The latter would not smoke, but sipped his tea and declared it excellent. It was so sweet and mild an evening that we had left one of the windows open which looked into the tangled, weed-grown garden, and the last beams of the setting sun poured into the room with a warm and golden lustre. They burnished Lucy's wavy curls as she lay on the couch, and brought out the delicate beauty of a bunch of hyacinths which stood in an earthenware pitcher on the table near her. They transfigured even the S'ora Nanna's hideous blue and yellow wall-paper, and the bare brick-floored room, with its rare scraps of common drugget disposed here and there, and its spindle-shanked, stiff chairs, covered with faded red worsted damask, until the whole had somehow an air of pleasantness and peace. And it was all the doing of the blessed sunshine—or nearly all; for Mr. Rutherford remarked that the place had a home-like look, which he attributed to our influence, Lucy's and mine. The effect was attained by very simple means, at any rate. Two or three books, the dainty white hyacinths in their brown pitcher, a few of my sketches pinned against the wall, a clean white cloth on the tea-table, and Lucy's tortoise-shell work-case, with her mite of a silver thimble in a separate little velvet house of its own, were all the materials we had at command in the way of decorative furniture. But I have wandered away from Signor Sandro's remark, with which I began this chapter.

"No," said he again, "I didn't sleep above a quarter of an hour by my watch."

"And what were you doing, then, Professor?" asked Mr. Rutherford.

"Why, I got into conversation with the sacristan, a talkative fellow who seemed to like to let his tongue wag. He does not very often have the chance of a chat out there, I dare say; and what do you think he told me?"

"That he wanted a franc, *I* suppose; at least that's what those fellows generally tell *me*—unless when they want two!"

"Dear Rodolfo, he knew better. I'm not a foreigner—and, moreover, I'm a poor devil—and, moreover, I'm an artist—all of which my friend the sacristan knew very well. No, not—not a word did the fellow say about francs; I should have liked to catch him at it! I gave him six soldi to get a draught of wine, and he thought himself well off, I promise you."

"But, Signor Sandro, what did he tell you? I was in hopes we were going to have a story," said Lucy.

"Ay," returned my master, "it *is* a story, and—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Lucy, clapping her hands, "we must hear it properly. Catherine, do get S'ora Nanna to clear away the tea-cups before Signor Sandro begins, or she'll come stamping in in the middle; and then, please to give me my sewing. I always enjoy a story better when my fingers are busy. There's a dear Catherine! And you take your knitting and look comfortable and *homely*. Signor Sandro has his cigar, and, besides, he is the story-teller; but you, Mr. Rutherford, what shall you do?"

"I will turn over those sketches, if I may. I can listen and look at the same time; that is, if Miss Wilson will permit?"

"*I* permit, Mr. Rutherford," said Lucy; "as to Catherine, she will tell you her sketches are not worth looking at, if you ask her. I mean to have every thing my own way this evening." Then, with a sudden submissive look like that of a little child, she put out her hand to me and said, "You don't really mind, do you, Catty dear?"

What a sweet winning creature she was! I caught an expression in Mr. Rutherford's face as he looked over at us, which seemed to show that he thought her so, at all events. But he withdrew his eyes when they met mine, and began to turn over the portfolio full of my sketches—a very heterogeneous collection.

"Well, now," said Signor Sandro, good-naturedly humoring Lucy's fancy, "now for the story! The sacristan at the Madonna di Quintiliolo told me that the folks about Olevano have been in a great fright and fuss lately, in consequence of the appearance in their neighborhood of—what do you think?"

"*Phylloxera* in the grape-vines? Cattle-plague?" suggested Rutherford.

"*Che!* Another guess-matter than grape-disease or cattle-plague. Brigands, my friend! Brigands, with guns and pistols and knives in their belts. What think you of that for a 'sensation,' eh?"

"Brigands near Olevano, Signor Sandro?" cried Lucy. "Oh, I can't believe it!"

"Well, it's very startling, but not altogether unheard of. Some years ago—oh, it may be ten, or fifteen, the time flies so swiftly—there were three or four fellows who committed robberies thereabouts. They had come up from the Abruzzi, having by some miracle been hunted out in earnest by the gens-d'armes there. And so they gave the folks at Olevano a taste of their quality; but I don't think they found it altogether a favorable place for their exploits."

"Not a happy hunting-ground, eh?" said Rutherford.

"Why, no; they got peppered by a couple of dare-devil painters—an Englishman and a German—who laid a sort of trap for them, and enticed them into the garden of a house they thought empty, and which they meant to rob, and then fired on them from the windows. Since that time I have always heard that the neighborhood of Olevano was as safe as the Piazza di Spagna."

"But is it sure," said I, "that the sacristan was not exaggerating or romancing? What grounds had he to go on?"

"Exaggerating? Oh, I suppose he was exaggerating; doubtless he was not speaking the exact, simple, severe truth, like one of your *Quaccheri* [by which Signor Sandro meant Quakers], but there is something in it. He spoke of a band of marauders armed to the teeth; now that may mean three or four—or perhaps even no more than one or two—ruffians with a knife apiece, and a rusty pistol among them. But still, that robbers have been about among the hills is certain. The sacristan gave me chapter and verse: Prince Pozzodoro's *fattore* was stopped as he was driving home in his little *volantino*,* and robbed in broad daylight."

"Miss Wilson looks really fatigued," said Rutherford, suddenly. "I reproach myself with having bored her so long after a tiring day."

Lucy turned her head toward me, and exclaimed, "Catherine dear, what is the matter? You are deadly pale!"

"Are you not well?" asked Rutherford, whose voice had caught an echo of the anxiety expressed in Lucy's.

"Yes, I am quite well—perfectly well; and if I look pale, I can not help it. It is the strong sunlight, perhaps."

I was vexed that the sudden shock of surprise and alarm which I had felt on hearing of the robbers should have betrayed itself in my face. Not that I had the smallest personal apprehension with regard to them, but the thought rushed into my mind at once that Monica's brother must be connected with these lawless vagabonds, and that their presence in the neighborhood of Olevano but too clearly accounted for his return to these parts. After a minute or so, I remembered that Monica had told me her brother was going away immediately. By this time he was probably away far from Tivoli; and if my surmise of his being connected with the brigands were correct, he had doubtless gone off with them to a considerable distance. After such an exploit as robbing Prince Pozzodoro's agent, they were not likely to remain in the immediate neighborhood.

"Why, Caterina," said my master, taking his cigar out of his mouth and looking at me with intently knitted brows, "you're not made nervous by my story, are you? *Per Giove!* I didn't know you could be frightened! But it looks like it, I declare. Lucia is as bold as a lion, in comparison."

"I'm not at all ambitious of being supposed impervious to fear, Master; but, as I am neither Prince Pozzodoro nor Prince Pozzodoro's *fattore*, I see no particular reason why I should dread the robbers. They would never be stupid enough to carry me off; for no one would ransom me who could, and no one could who would!"

"Then you *are* tired, my daughter, for you look very white and fagged."

"Not a bit, Master, not a bit! Pray don't let any one suppose that our pleasant excursion has done me any thing but good."

Mr. Rutherford had already risen to go away; but I saw so much loving anxiety on my account in Lucy's face, that I exerted myself to induce him and Signor Sandro to remain. Lucy had a mandoline which she played, and I got it down, and to its accompaniment she and I sang one or two little duets, popular songs of Naples and Tuscany. Then Lucy insisted on my singing alone some pathetic old Scotch ballads which she liked. And Signor Sandro shook his head and declared that such ditties sounded only like "*roba da chiesa*," as who should say "psalm tunes," and that there was no melody or beauty in them at all; and he begged us to wind up with "Santa Lucia," in order that he might go away with some pleasant sounds in his ears; and he and Mr. Rutherford (who had a good mellow barytone voice) joined in the chorus, and so our evening ended very harmoniously, and even gayly, after all.

I was astonished, on thinking over it, after Lucy had gone to bed, at the quickness with which she had glided into the manners of friendly intimacy with Rutherford. He seemed to have some spell to pierce the cloud of sadness which had dimmed her bright face during these last weary weeks. She not only talked with him and listened to him, but even smiled on him with somewhat of her old, sunny, happy look. In a word, she seemed perfectly at her ease with him—she who was so shy with strangers at her best, and who lately had almost trembled at the sight of a strange face. Might there be a hope that this Englishman should drive away the image of Don Vittorio from her mind like a bad dream?

Early the next morning, before Lucy was dress-

"ALL AT ONCE THE PRINCESS GOT UP AND STOOD IN FRONT OF ME, WITH HER HANDS FORCIBLY CLASPED TOGETHER AND PRESSED AGAINST HER BREAST."

* A light two-wheeled vehicle in use among the Romans.

* Copyright, 1878, by Harper & Brothers.

ed, there came a basketful of wild flowers and ferns, with the compliments of the "Signore Inglese." He must have been far afield and betimes, to gather them. They were covered with dew, and so exquisitely fragrant that they perfumed all the room when I set them in front of my sister's place at the breakfast-table. While I waited for her to come down, I sketched them in water-colors on a scrap of paper. And as I took the portraits of the sweet, fragile blossoms, I said to myself, half involuntarily, "Surely, surely, something more than mere civility and politeness has moved this man to take so much trouble, and pay her so delicate an attention."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE had settled among ourselves to make the promised excursion to Monte Gennaro and Horace's Sabine farm at the end of that week. Monica had sent word of our coming to her aunt at Licenza, and the ponies were ordered to carry us up the mountain. The weather continued to be delightful, and to grow more delightful day by day, and I for one looked forward to our little journey with the pleasantest anticipations. Mr. Rutherford, meanwhile, took the opportunity of paying a visit of a few days to Rome.

Our trip was to be made on Saturday. On the previous Thursday morning I received a packet and a letter, both forwarded to me from Rome by the landlady of our lodgings there. For a moment I looked at the packet with some curiosity, but almost immediately I guessed by its shape what it contained, and my guess was right. It contained a pair of hand-screens such as those I had done for the famous bazar, which Donna Laura's friend, Madame De Clavigny, had commissioned me to paint for her. I had finished and sent them to her just before starting for Tivoli; and, to say the truth, had reckoned on the price of them to pay part of our expenses there. Now, here they were returned on my hands, without a word of explanation save a message pencilled on the outside of the parcel, saying merely that Madame De Clavigny must decline to receive the screens. "This is the Princess Olympia's doing," thought I. I had half a mind to insist that Madame De Clavigny should pay me for my work, which had been executed in accordance with her express directions. But I reflected that I had no written order to show, and that my bare word as to the nature of the bargain would avail me but little.

Together with the parcel had come a note, as I have said. It was addressed to "Miss Wilson" in an English handwriting, and bore a huge and undecipherable monogram, blazing with gold and scarlet. On opening it, I found it was meant for Lucy. These were its contents:

"Mrs. Ranville Egmont Jones regrets that the result of her inquiries from the ladies referred to is not such as to induce her to engage Miss Wilson as daily governess for her daughters."

"Number two!" thought I. The "ladies referred to" were the Princess Corleoni, and a certain Mrs. Elphinstone, a great friend of the Princess; and the lady who wrote the note and bore the title of Mrs. Ranville Egmont Jones had nearly settled to give poor Lucy a six weeks' engagement, beginning at Easter. Her change of intention was also clearly owing to the influence of the Princess Olympia.

I cared little for the loss of Lucy's promised pupils. My sister would scarcely be strong enough by Easter to undertake giving regular lessons. But I could not help being struck by the immediate fulfillment of Signor Sandro's prophecy that the Princess would do her best to ruin us and drive us out of Rome. "And truly," I thought, "if we were living in the 'good old times' which I have heard Mrs. Elphinstone affect so much to regret, the Princess might probably succeed in her endeavor. As it is, I think she is biting a file."

Nevertheless, the whole matter vexed me because I knew it would hurt Lucy's sensitive and affectionate spirit. There was a great comfort, however, in reflecting that by good luck the first shock of these new annoyances had fallen on me rather than on my sister. Lucy need know nothing about them until she was stronger and more cheerful, and until the lapse of time should have taken away much of their power to hurt her. I was again surprised, and almost ashamed, to find how inevitably the image of Mr. Rutherford came into my visions of brighter days in store for Lucy. However, I reflected that my visions could do no harm so long as I kept them to myself, which I was very resolutely minded to do.

Apart from Lucy's trouble—if any portion of my life *could* be apart from her sorrow—I had reason to be content and cheerful. Signor Sandro had given me what from him was high praise for my study of Monica, and had encouraged me to set to work on the picture I had conceived, while he was near at hand to help me with his advice. I had sent two very small and unpretending works to an art exhibition held in my native town, and just after Signor Sandro's arrival in Tivoli I had got a letter from the secretary telling me that not only were my pictures accepted, but had both been sold on the first day that the exhibition was opened to the public. Altogether, I had much to give me serenity for the present and hopefulness for the future.

I was alone in my studio, and had begun to sketch in the first outlines of my picture. It was a delicious spring morning. The perfume of violets, and the cheerful chirp and twitter of little birds, came in at the open window; and as I worked I hummed to myself an old-fashioned ballad about the "Miller's daughter on the banks of Allan Water." What with the chirp of the birds and my own singing, I did not hear the opening of the door; but some one entered and advanced close to the easel, and, looking up, I found myself face to face with the Princess Corleoni. She was dressed in black, and had a black lace veil thrown back over her close bonnet and fastened beneath her chin—a style of head-dress which did not soften the masculine severity of her outline. Her skin was sallower than ever, her brilliant eyes somewhat sunken, her whole aspect expressive of harassed anxiety and angry discontent.

I was amazed to see her there, and no doubt I looked so; for she said, "I do not wonder that you are surprised—of course you are surprised. I wish to have a few words with you in private."

All my smouldering indignation flamed up at the sight of her haughty face and the sound of her arrogant voice. "I do not wish to speak with you," I said. "I think you have behaved with great harshness and cruelty. Only this moment I have received proofs of your persecuting spirit toward my sister and me. I have my bread to earn, madam, and I refuse to give up my working-hours to you, or to allow you to disturb my mind and make me unfit to work at all."

She was evidently unprepared for this, and stood looking at me irresolutely, like one who has received an unexpected check, and is deliberating on the next move to be made. I turned to my canvas and went on sketching, though with a very uncertain hand, it must be owned.

"Do you absolutely refuse to speak with me, then?" asked the Princess, after a pause. "I have come from Rome on purpose to have an interview with you, Miss Wilson."

I laid down my brush, and placed a chair for her. "Be pleased to be brief, madam," I said.

"Will you not sit?" she asked.

"No."

"I must avail myself of your offer of a chair; for I have had a great many troubles to shake me of late, and to remind me that my prime of life is past, and that old age is overtaking me quickly."

She was not old in years—scarcely fifty, I believe; yet it was true that she was greatly changed and aged within the last few weeks. I stood opposite to her, partly leaning against the empty terra cotta stove, and waited until she should speak again.

"You are feeling angry with me," she said, beginning with a slight effort, "because of that letter which I wrote to your sister. Monsignor Chiappaforti told me how angry you were."

"I should have thought there needed no one to tell you that, Signora Principessa. Your letter was *intended* to hurt and wound."

"You do me wrong! But I have not come to talk of that. Only—I must say this one word: I wrote as I did because I considered it to be my duty. It was a painful duty, although you probably may refuse to believe it."

"No doubt it must have been painful to confess your son's bad conduct. For no amount of casuistry can prevent your seeing that he behaved treacherously—even if not to Lucy, at least to you. *I* say, to both."

She passed her hand wearily across her forehead, and made this unexpected answer: "He is behaving badly to me now; very badly, undutifully, cruelly! Miss Wilson, I have come to ask you to help me to bring him back to his home and his duty."

I was so utterly taken aback by this that I literally could not answer her, but stared at her with a passing suspicion that she had lost her reason. What could have happened to bring the Princess Olympia to *me* with such a petition? She did not keep silence long. Reserve was unnatural to her, as to most of her compatriots. She could, and did, assume it on occasions, and for certain definite ends; but it never was the result of any shyness in displaying her emotions to the world. And now, moreover, she was evidently, as she had said herself, shaken by trouble, and eager to gain assistance in prosecuting her purpose, even at some cost of dignity.

"You know that my son has quarrelled with me?" she said.

I answered that I had not known it, nor had heard any thing about him for some time past. Upon this she looked so incredulous that I repeated my statement emphatically.

"Oh yes," she continued, speaking in a rapid, excited way, "he has quarrelled with me—with *me*—the mother who has devoted herself to his best interests ever since his birth. And in his anger with me he has chosen to offend the Campograssos. His marriage will be broken off, after all the years of thought, and care, and pains I have expended on the alliance. I have had it in view ever since little Clelia Campograsso was ten years old! You *must* have heard of it," she continued, with growing agitation. "Although the engagement was not yet formally announced, all Rome knew that they were intended for each other."

She doubtless believed what she said; for the extension of the social horizon which had come to pass in these latter years by the mere influx of population from all parts of Italy to the capital was unrecognized by her and her immediate friends. They lived on in their narrow and self-imposed limits, supposing themselves to be still the focus and central point of Roman life.

"And how does all this concern me, madam?" said I, when she had made an end.

"*Gran Dio!*" she exclaimed, getting up and walking about the room with quick, irregular steps; "could any human being have believed in such phlegm, such indifference? Are they made of stucco, then, these English?"

As she spoke the door opened, and in came Signor Sandro, who stopped short on seeing a stranger. He did not recognize his beautiful Princess Olympia of former days. But she knew him instantly, and hailed him by name. "Ah, Santi, is that you? Come in, come in; shut the door; fasten it. I don't mind you, but I want no one else to interrupt us."

Even when she spoke, he was evidently at a loss to know who she was. But a certain little imperious gesture of the hand, with which she bade him shut the door, seemed suddenly to recall her to his memory. It was a habitual gesture with her, and a characteristic one.

"Donna Olympia!" he exclaimed, looking from her to me in undisguised astonishment.

"Ah, you didn't know me at first? I am changed, of course. Years, Santi, years change us all—and sorrows."

"Your life has not had a great share of sorrow, Donna Olympia—Principessa, I should say," returned Signor Sandro. He kept looking at her as if he were trying to discern the beautiful young Olympia of long ago in this faded, haggard, harsh-browed woman.

"Not a large share of sorrows! We have had sorrows enough for a century within the last few years! We have seen revolution and irreligion and blasphemy triumphing over all that is sacred. Injustice and oppression rule in high places. Souls are decoyed to perdition. Our sovereign is despoiled and imprisoned. Ah, Santi, I should think that many of those who entered on this path of ruin with the cry of patriotism and liberty in their mouths must bitterly repent their error by this time!"

"We won't talk about these things, Principessa," said my master, with a gentleness and moderation I had scarcely expected from him. But I almost fancy that some suspicion of the Princess's sanity flashed across his mind, as it had flashed across mine. Her appearance in my studio was so utterly unexpected and surprising, her manner was so excited, that the suspicion was really not unnatural.

However, after a minute or so she seated herself, and, assuming a more collected demeanor, began to repeat to Signor Sandro what she had told me as to her son's quarrel with her and her fear lest his marriage engagement should be broken. She entered into fuller details respecting the latter than she had given to me, pointing out how she had negotiated, and manœuvred, and schemed to bring the engagement to pass; how the great wealth of the Campograssos made them presumptuous and exigent, and difficult to deal with; with what masterly policy she (the Princess) had overruled all objections and got rid of all difficulties, in order to secure the heiress for her son; and how all her admirable combinations had been threatened with utter ruin by the sudden and lamentable rebellion of Don Vittorio, who had left the Palazzo Corleoni, and gone away without telling his family whither.

"It does not answer, after all, to play your game with live chessmen," thought I to myself. "The pieces may at any moment develop a disconcerting will of their own."

"Now, Santi," said the Princess Corleoni, "*you* know the world, and you know our habits and social views. You are a Roman born and bred, and you understand these things as perhaps a foreigner can not. And I want you to confirm what I say when I tell this young lady that, come what may, let his engagement go on or be broken, let Vittorio behave as badly to me and his father as can possibly be, still there is not, and never has been, and never will be, the remotest chance of his marrying her sister."

"And, Signor Sandro," said I, "although you don't know many people of my class and country, you do know me well enough to believe me when I say that there is no effort or sacrifice I would shrink from to prevent my sister being married to such a man as Don Vittorio Bastiani Corleoni."

There was a dead silence. I noticed at the time, notwithstanding the excitement of very unpleasant feelings, that Signor Sandro looked at me as though he thought I had been too hard on the Princess in making that speech. His conscience and his judgment were wholly on my side, as I well knew; and yet I am sure that at that moment he would have had me spare Donna Olympia Corleoni the mortification of finding an equal, though different, pride opposed to her own. Perhaps it was because some tender memories of the past were inextricably entwined with his thoughts of Donna Olympia; perhaps because she was a compatriot, and he could identify himself more fully with her feelings than he could with mine; in short, whatever be its solution, such was the fact; and I record it now as I marked it then, because it seemed to me a curious touch of character.

All at once the Princess got up and stood in front of me, with her hands forcibly clasped together and pressed against her breast.

"Then tell me where he is," said she.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HONEST MONEY.

THE attractiveness of an honest coinage is one of the plainest lessons of history. In all ages men have refused to accept a debased currency, or only received it at its probable value. In early Greece the Persian daric expelled the mixed and inferior coins. Through the Middle Ages the byzant of Constantinople was always current over Europe, because it was seldom adulterated. The pure gold of Florence, or a bill of exchange on the MEDICI payable in gold, was in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the favorite money of commerce. An inferior currency, when forced upon a country by law, will drive away the better, but it is always taken with serious misgivings, and fluctuates in value with every change of politics. One of the most curious instances of the acuteness of the people in the selection of money is shown in our own case; they refuse persistently to take the new silver dollar. Six months ago the champions of the inferior currency fancied that they had only to pass the Silver Act to give a real value to their imperfect coin. The mints have been running incessantly; the silver money accumulates in the government vaults, but no one is willing to take it. No farmer will sell his produce for inferior silver when he can get full value in gold, or bills nearly equal to gold; no merchant will fill his safe with silver bills that will circulate nowhere except for the payment of duties. The debased silver has no currency. The nation is weary of experiments in money that only tend to impoverish it; the industrial classes are plainly resolved to be cheated of their just profits no longer by a fictitious currency. The project of making a pound of silver worth a pound and a half by law has failed. The new dollar can never be used as money.

It is stated that in the Northwestern States, where it was supposed there was a strong desire for an unlimited and a debased currency, this impulse has wholly passed away; that the people of our great agricultural regions have discovered their own power and their own wants; that the farmers in future will be the first to demand a return to a gold standard, and will sell the products of their farms only for a currency that possesses a real value. Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and all the grain-growing region of the West are of necessity the chief regulators of the value of money. Food governs or can govern in all affairs of trade. To buy wheat and corn men come from all parts of the world to the centres of production. It is stated that there will be a large demand for American Indian corn in Egypt, where the crops have failed. In Ireland there is again the fear of a potato famine. In England the great demand for American provisions and food is regular and growing. Europe is always looking to America for its subsistence. It brings its gold yearly to the granaries of the West in larger quantities than ever before. But the advocates of the strange delusions of a paper or silver currency would prevent the farmer from receiving the gold of the foreigner, would interpose between him and his customers the broker and the money-changer, would force him to take a debased money instead of the better, and place him at the mercy of his foreign debtor. The whole country has suffered from this plague of a debased currency to an extent that can never be estimated. England and Europe have grown rich by the folly of our financiers, the madness of our rebellion. But the chief burden of the loss has fallen upon the agricultural interest. The debased currency must always prove a heavy tax—a heavier burden than those borne by the fellahs of Egypt or the ryots of Hindostan—upon every person engaged in the production of food. The merchant may for a time grow rich amidst a fluctuating currency. It tends to create STEWARTS and VANDERBILTS, to enrich the few, to stimulate brokerage, banking, speculation. But on the farmer fall all its ills. Its results are a high rate of interest, a sudden rise in apparent values, the growth of all expenses, fictitious prices for lands, and the temptation to incur heavy mortgages—temptations to extravagance that can never be resisted, and dreams of wealth that can end only in utter ruin.

The farmer and the farming interest pay all the excessive profit which the foreign trader makes from the circulation of a debased currency. For all that he purchases from abroad the producer is forced to pay an excessive price; for all that he sells abroad he receives the lowest price in a gold value. His taxes rise with a false valuation; his expenses in labor and other necessaries are extraordinary and not to be foreseen; he exceeds his income without perceiving it; finds it cheaper to leave his farm untilled than to cultivate it at a constant loss. This was the fate of too many of our Western farmers in the height of the paper speculation, and Minnesota and Iowa found themselves bare of real money when they seemed to be most prosperous and at ease. They had sold their corn and provisions to England for depreciated paper, and found that their money was worthless for all the purposes of trade. If they would buy tea of China, they must pay the cost of its exchange into silver; if they would have wines and silk from France, they must submit to an excessive, unprecedented price; from England their iron and cotton wares came loaded with the enormous rates of brokerage and inflation. Without knowing it, the farmers were transferred to the tyranny of the foreign merchants, and paid away all the profits of their labor in satisfying the new and excessive expenses imposed upon them by an unsound currency.

One of the most curious traits of American farming is the almost universal demand for its productions. One of the most striking incidents in its recent history is that Egypt comes for its corn to Illinois and Minnesota—Egypt, that once fed Syria, Judah, and Benjamin; whose vast corn fleets sailed annually to Athens and Rome with the subsistence of the demos and the plebs; which was the granary of the Byzantine Empire before the Hegira, the fertile centre of the Moslem realm, the Iowa or Kansas of the East. Says the correspondent of the London *Times*, July 25: "The Indian corn crop is doing very badly, and there has been a great demand for American Indian corn in the Alexandrian market, and large orders have gone to Liverpool." There was nearly a famine in Egypt until the recent rise in the Nile, and the Egyptian corn-dealers present themselves to the republican merchants of Chicago, as the famished Syrians came of old to JOSEPH and PHARAOH. They come with the gold in their hands, as ready to pay as to buy. What would be their surprise to find their good money rejected, and the American farmer resolved to take for his Indian corn only sheets of printed paper, or dollars debased by an act of Congress! It is quite certain that our farmers will be guilty of no such extreme impulse of folly. They have shown that they at least know good money from bad; they will give no circulation to the debased dollar. They have an immense crop to sell, which the world is eager to buy. Some busy advocates of a paper issue urge them to receive in payment a flood of inconvertible notes, others an unlimited amount of depreciated silver. The foreign trader

stands by while the dispute is going on; while the farmer is asked by the politician to determine whether he will take gold or paper for his corn, good money or bad; while he is plied with arguments in favor of the inferior currency; while he is urged to call back the extravagant days when gold was at an enormous premium, when paper money filled the land. The Greek or Egyptian merchant would be astonished could he understand the argument; he would be amazed at the folly of the defenders of a debased currency, however much he might profit by their success. Gladly would he exchange his gold for large quantities of inferior coin, and cover the country with a flood of paper money as worthless and as fluctuating as French assignats or Confederate notes.

But our industrial classes seem already set free from their foreign bondage. They are resolved to have a coinage the best in the world. The inferior dollar and all depreciated coins are looked upon with just suspicion. The country is growing prosperous, strong, conscious of its power, resolute to be honest. The people feel that with nations as with men honesty is the only safe policy, that the foundation of national progress lies in a nice sense of integrity, that a debased currency is unworthy of a republic, the source of endless mischief and disgrace. An honest currency may recall many of the sources of our former prosperity. It may revive the commerce that has fallen into foreign hands, the trade with South America and the East that is controlled by England and France; it will stimulate the activity of our sea-ports, bring new life to manufactures that have long fallen into decay; will open new highways through the Rocky Mountains, bind the various sections of the country together by links of steel; our coal, iron, metals, will once more come into demand; once more the labor of the nation will be directed to the development of its scarcely discovered resources. But chiefly a return to honest money will satisfy the national conscience. The sense of honor will return, and no citizen need blush for his country that its currency is scarcely better than that of dismembered Turkey or embarrassed Russia.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

FOLDED HANDS.

THEY were so helpless when I saw them first,
The tiny fingers could not clasp a thing,
But folded lay upon the breast that nursed,
Too weak to wander and too frail to cling.

I saw them when the years had given them strength
To clasp life's joys with passion's impulse bold—
Two restless hands that found their rest at length,
And folded lay within another's hold.

I saw them strained with labor's patient strife,
Worn with the burden that they could not bear,
First weakly raised against the woes of life,
Then folded in the calmness of despair.

One day we found them lying waxen white
Upon a breast grown strangely calm and cold;
We softly hid them then from out of sight,
The folded hands that never shall unfold.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 15.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 22.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 29.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity; St. Michael and All Angels.

THE experiment of admitting laymen to the British Wesleyan Conference is pronounced by those who observed its working to be a great success. The ministers met alone for several days, and transacted strictly pastoral business; the mixed conference then followed. Among the lay delegates were members of Parliament, lawyers, merchants, and manufacturers. The Worn-out Ministers' Fund was reported to have reached in subscriptions £102,839, and in cash £70,000. The income for the year was £19,485. The subscriptions to the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund have reached £64,000, of which £42,000 have been paid. This fund is devoted to the increase of chapels in London; Sir FRANCIS LYCETT has pledged to it £50,000. Another fund has been organized to supply chapels in villages and other destitute places in the interior of England, and has already reached £24,000. The Conference decided to found a third theological institution, and fixed upon Birmingham as the place. The income of the Foreign Mission Society for the year was £142,000, the expenditure £159,808. All the reports made show the thorough business management for which the English Wesleyans are noted.

Dr. JAMES H. RIGG, who will be the executive head of the Wesleyan body for the coming year, is well known both here and at home. He was in 1873 a delegate to the World's Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, where he read an able essay on education. He has been for many years the head of the Wesleyan school at Westminster for the training of teachers. Among the volumes written by him are *The Living Wesley*, *Modern Anglican Theology*, *Essays for the Times*, some of which have been republished in the United States. Dr. RIGG is an acute metaphysician and an indefatigable administrator.

How far Churches are morally responsible for crimes committed by persons who are nominally connected with them by ties of birth and education it is not easy to determine. When a Church, however, furnishes a large portion of the criminal population of a country, it may be safely inferred that something is wrong. The *Catholic Review* habitually charges the crimes of our own land to the public schools. "The criminals," it says, "nine out of ten, are men who have been educated in the schools, and learned there to despise God and to defy His laws." To this the *Examiner and Chronicle* replies well, that "last year 1030 boys under fourteen years of age were confined in the Tombs; about 200 of them were Protestants, and 800 Catholics." The *Black-Book* of Liverpool for the past year tells the same story. The Roman Catholics form a fifth part of the population of that city. Of the 12,285 prisoners for the year, 8543, it is stated, were Roman Catholics. Strange to say, of this total, 4571 prisoners, or a majority, were women.

The uncertainties of the law have enured to the advantage of the English ritualists. The Court of Queen's Bench has forbidden Lord PENZANCE to carry out the sentence of suspension against Mr. MACKONOCHIE for contempt and disregard of monitions. The facts were reported by cable some time since, but the text of the opinions of the judges has now been received. The grounds are purely technical, and mainly two: (1) That the proper punishment by an ecclesiastical court for contumacy is excommunication, not suspension from office. (2) That the monition was itself a sentence, and could not be held over the head of the defendant as a reason for further proceedings. Very obviously there is a disposition on the part of the higher civil courts of England to restrain the proceedings of the ecclesiastical courts within the narrowest possible limits. Jealousy of ecclesiastical jurisdictions is as old as English civilization.

The latest reports of the progress of negotiations between the Vatican and Germany are contradictory. The London *Tablet* of August 10 hears that the terms agreed upon are, "an amnesty to be conceded to all bishops and ecclesiastics compromised by the Ecclesiastical Laws, the return of all bishops to their sees, and vacancies to be filled according to past usages." The *Tablet* doubts the truth of this announcement, and well it may. A more recent cable dispatch says that negotiations have been broken off.

An election to a place in the French Academy is not legitimately a religious question, but in furthering the candidacy of M. TAINE to the vacant seat of M. THIERS the Catholic Church took a very active part, though without success. TAINE, as is well known, is a brilliant atheist; considers all moral qualities to be the product of climate; traces the English conscience, for instance, to the fogs which envelop Great Britain. The Church has heretofore opposed his pretensions to be an Academician; but lately he has written a volume on the *Origin of Modern Society*, in which he denounces the French Revolution. All at once the Church became his champion, urged his election against that of HENRI MARTIN, the liberal historian, and was defeated. It appears, therefore, that the Roman Catholic leaders in France can more easily tolerate an atheist than a republican.

The American Missionary Association will hold its annual meeting in Taunton, Massachusetts, October 29-31. The Rev. Dr. S. E. HERRICK, of Boston, will preach the sermon.

The Protestant Episcopal House of Bishops met in this city on Wednesday, August 28, Bishop SMITH presiding. Only twenty-seven were present. The vacancies made by the resignation of the diocese of New Mexico by the Rev. Dr. ADAMS, and of the diocese of Michigan by Bishop M'COSKRY, will be acted upon at this meeting.

The reviews by the press of the proceedings of the recent Lambeth Conference indicate satisfaction with its results; but it must be said that much of the satisfaction arises from the little importance of those results. The bishops are commended for what they did not do, as much as for what they did. The *Saturday Review* praises them for letting the scheme of an Anglican patriarchate severely alone. The *Record* is glad that the Conference "attracted so little attention, and terminated so peaceably." The *Guardian* thinks that the Conference did much "by reviving old friendships, and promoting brotherly kindness among those who had been strangers before." The *Churchman*, of this city, thinks that the bishops should not have issued a letter to the Churches. "Such an act," it says, "belongs only to an official and representative body." And to a certain degree there has been manifested among Protestant Episcopalians a fear that the Conference might trench upon the independence of their Church in this country. Future Conferences will, without doubt, be held.

An address of the Bishop of Manchester on the support of the English clergy does not present a very attractive picture. "Three or four years ago he found one-third of the benefices were of less value than £200 a year. He was certain there were many of the clergy who did not taste meat oftener than an agricultural laborer."

The question of disestablishment will not "down" in Scotland. The Liberals of England hesitate to declare themselves in relation to it, but it has become an issue in Scotch elections for Parliament. At the Haddington election the clergy entered actively into the contest, those of the Kirk and the Episcopal Church favoring the Conservative candidate, and the United Presbyterians his opponent. The Liberal, Lord WILLIAM HAY, was returned by a decided majority. It has been intimated by Dr. TULLOCH, the principal of the University of St. Andrews, that in the event of the carrying of disestablishment, some of the ministers of the Kirk will go over to the Scotch Episcopal Church.

Two events of the late session of the British Wesleyan Conference will arrest general attention. The Rev. W. G. OLVER, who delivered the FERNLEY lecture, the subject of which was "Life and Death," advanced views which were not deemed satisfactory to his colleagues, and the usual vote of thanks was therefore withheld. The Rev. WILLIAM IMPEY, who has been for nearly half a century a missionary in South Africa, and for twenty-five years a superintendent there, withdrew from the Conference because of his inability to teach any longer the doctrine of future punishment as held by Wesleyans. At the Conference session of 1877 several young ministers were dropped for divergence from the standards on this subject.

The paragraph in this column of August 10, on the proposal of the Young Men's Catholic Union to petition for the appointment of Catholic army chaplains, has elicited two communications. A chaplain writes us: "For fifteen years my attention has been directed to this very point, and I am prepared to say that not twenty per cent. of our soldiers belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and not ten per cent. attend confessional. Of the officers not three per cent. are Catholics. Under our laws there can be no objection to the employment of Catholic priests as chaplains, providing they can, without violating the rules of their Church, conform to the army regulations and the customs of the service. But can they, for instance, officiate at the funerals of Protestant soldiers?" A post surgeon writes from Dakota that the rank and file of the army are, in his opinion, more than two-thirds Catholics. Most of the chaplains are stationed, he admits, at posts, where the soldiers can attend any church they wish. The statement of the Young Men's Catholic Union as to the proportion of Catholics in the army still remains to be proved.

LAWN TENNIS.

THIS elegant and pleasant pastime, of which we give an illustration on page 736, is a modification of the ancient game of tennis, which early in the sixteenth century was established as the royal game in England. Almost every nobleman of the time was the owner of a tennis court. These were usually expensive structures, costing from £3000 to £7000, according to the means or taste of the owner. HENRY the Eighth built a tennis court at Whitehall, and JAMES the First and CHARLES the Second were partial to the game.

Lawn tennis, which has become popular in this country within a short time, has the advantage of dispensing with courts, and is played, as the name implies, on any smooth piece of turf. The following description is abridged from a little work recently published by PECK & SNYDER, of this city. The ground should consist of a piece of turf as level as possible, or, if a hard substance is to be used, either of concrete or asphalt, the latter making the game very fast and suitable for expert players. The best dimensions are 78 feet in length and 30 feet wide at the base or end lines, though, in many cases for single matches, the width is reduced by narrowing at the net. The dimensions of the court may be altered to suit the capacity of the players or the state of the ground, provided that the distance from the net to the service line shall be proportionately lengthened or reduced. At each end of the court, at a distance of 39 feet from the net, lines shall be marked out parallel to the net called *base lines*, and also lines from the posts (*i. e.*, of the net) to the extremities of these (base) lines. The court is divided lengthwise from base to base by a line called the central line into two equal parts, called right and left courts. Lines are also to be marked out parallel to the net at a distance of 26 feet from it, and these are called *service lines*. The net and central line will divide the limits for each side into right and left courts of equal dimensions (39 feet by 15 feet), the service line for each player being 13 feet from the base line and 26 feet from the net. Whiting is generally used to mark the different boundary lines, and though tape is occasionally employed for the purpose, whiting is more economical and easier for use.

The court is divided into two equal parts by a net attached to two *posts*, 7 feet in height and 24 feet apart. The net is attached to the posts at a height of 5 feet from the ground, and drops in the centre to a height of 4 feet only from the ground. The net should be firmly secured to the posts by cords and pegs, and the posts should be, for turf, fixed in the ground with iron tips, or for asphalt, supported by wooden feet. The posts are maintained in their positions in the same way as cricket nets—by guy ropes attached either to a hook or secured by holes in the posts, to prevent any chance of their falling or yielding under gentle pressure.

The materials of lawn tennis consist of a racket bat and an India rubber ball. The rackets are small tennis rackets, from 27 to 30 inches in length. As at rackets, the bats, to be preserved in shape, should be kept in a press which is especially made for the purpose, a strong pressure by screws being used to keep the bats firmly secured. The balls should be hollow, made of India rubber, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces in weight. Balls covered with white cloth should be used in fine weather. In wet weather a hollow India rubber ball without any puncture or hole is preferable.

The players may be few or many, but the best game is formed by two, four, or eight persons. When more than two join the game, sides are to be formed. The players occupy the courts on each side of the net, and the choice of courts is usually decided either by tossing or by a spin of the racket. For the sake of simplification, the winner of the service is called *server*, and the player who receives the service, the *servee*. He who serves, *i. e.*, delivers the first stroke, is said to be *hand in*; if he loses a stroke he becomes *hand out*, and his adversary becomes *hand in*, and serves.

The ball shall be served by the *hand in*, standing with one foot without the base line of the court. The racket should be held lightly but firmly with the fingers, and in such a position that, while the stroke may be firm and vigorous, the wrist may have free play in order to attain the strokes—the "cut," the "twist," and the "screw"—which enable the player to place the ball in any part of his adversary's court. He must serve the ball from the right and left courts alternately, and must hit it so that it shall drop over the net between the *net* and *service line* of the court diagonally opposed to that from which it was delivered. The *server*, or *hand in*, from the left court consequently has to serve to the *servee*, or player, on the opposite side, occupying the left-hand court. It is a fault if the ball served shall drop in the wrong court or beyond the service line, and the *hand in* shall serve again from the same court. The ball, to be served properly, must fall in the court diagonally opposed to the server, between the net and the service line. If the *hand out*, or *servee*, take or attempt to take a ball served in the wrong court, or over the service line, the service shall be treated as good, *i. e.*, it shall not be a fault to the server. The service, or ball served, is not to be volleyed, *i. e.*, taken before it shall have touched the ground, by the *hand out*, or *servee*. The *hand in* is not to serve until the *hand out* shall be prepared. The *hand in* shall win a stroke and score one point if the *hand out* fail to return the ball served or any subsequent stroke, if he volley the service, or if he strike the ball in play so that it shall drop out of the court. The *hand in* shall be *hand out* if he fail to serve the ball over the net, or if he serve it so that it shall drop out of the court. If he make two successive faults, *i. e.*, if he twice serve the ball into the wrong court or beyond the service line, he shall also be *hand out*, or if after the ball has been returned by the *hand out* in his turn he fail to return the ball in play so that it shall drop in the opposite court.

The *hand in* duly serves the ball from the right court to the opposite right court, between the net and the service line, and the *hand out*, following up the game, safely returns the ball after it *has touched the ground and before it has touched the ground a second time*, so that it shall pass over the net in due course. After the service has been so returned, the ball is a *good* return, provided that it falls *any where* on the opposite side of the net, and not outside the base or boundary lines. After the service has been returned by the *servee* all distinctions of court cease, and the ball is hit to and fro until either it fails to pass over the net, or it goes over the base line, or outside the boundary lines. If it touch the hand or any part of the person or clothes of any player, or if a player shall strike the ball more than once, it shall also be a false stroke, and count to the opposite side; or if a player either take a fault, or aim at and miss a ball that passes over the base or boundary lines, it shall be considered a false stroke, and count to the opposite side. A ball which drops on any line is considered to have dropped into the court marked by that line, and to be a good service or return, although the ball touch the net or either of the posts.

The game is won by the player or side first scoring fifteen aces, and an ace is won whenever the *hand out* fails to return the ball properly over the net or outside the boundaries, if it hits his person or clothes, if he aims at and misses a ball passing outside the boundary lines. Any of these failures gives an ace to the *hand in*, and he serves again from the opposite court, serving alternately from each court until he becomes *hand out* by failing to return the ball according to rule. It is worthy of remark, too, that if both players reach fourteen the score is called "deuce." Another point called "vantage" is then introduced, and a player, in order to score game, must *win two points in succession*, viz., vantage and game, otherwise, though he may have won vantage, if he should lose the next stroke the score returns to deuce.

The rules of this pleasant pastime may be found in the manuals published by the manufacturers of the materials and implements used in the game.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IN a street car in Philadelphia an old gentleman was seated in one corner, and the car was full. A bevy of fair ones, of all ages and weights, swarmed in. Whereupon the gallant old gentleman shouted aloud: "Ladies, I shall be most happy to give my seat to any one of you who is over thirty-two years of age." All remained standing.

A disappointed young man says the "average shoemaker can frame more excuses in fifteen minutes than a picture-dealer could supply frames for in two weeks."

They have a pedo-pianist in Nevada, whose pedals are marvellously developed. When she strikes a grand chord with her two great toes, a Thomas orchestra, remarks an exchange, has no business in that neighborhood.

An old lady, remarkable for her confused ideas of the meaning of words, describes a clear summer evening thus: "It was a beautiful bright night, and the moon made every thing as light as a cork."

The difference between ladies and ducks—if there is any difference—is that ladies are often dressed to kill, while ducks are killed to dress.

ACTING UP TO HIS PRINCIPLES.

GENTLEMAN. "Why, man, you've swallowed half a cork in that whiskey!"

EXTRA HAND. "All right, Sor; I'm contint. I've larned to take ivery thing in the spirits in which it is offered."

What woman would be the most likely to give her husband a blowing up if he irritated her?—Dinah might.

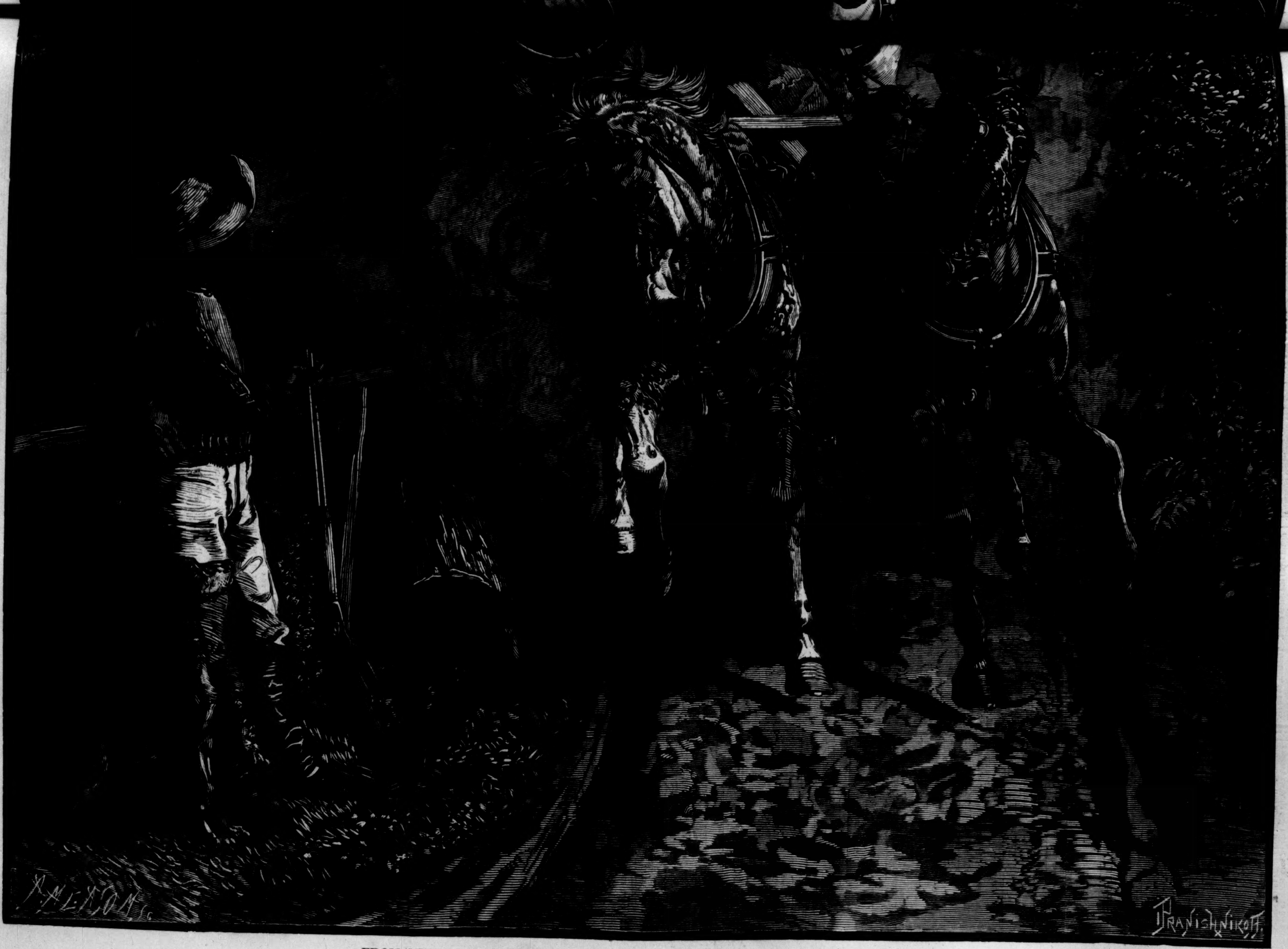
A member of a fashionable up-town congregation in New York city called at a music store and inquired, "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon?'" adding: "Our pastor referred to it yesterday morning as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

"That man," said Kate, "to love for me
Is sure a very slave,
E'en though 'tis full a year since I
To him the mitten gave."
"Oh, then he's not a slave," said Prue,
As o'er her face there flitted
A roguish smile: "you just confessed
That he was manumitted."

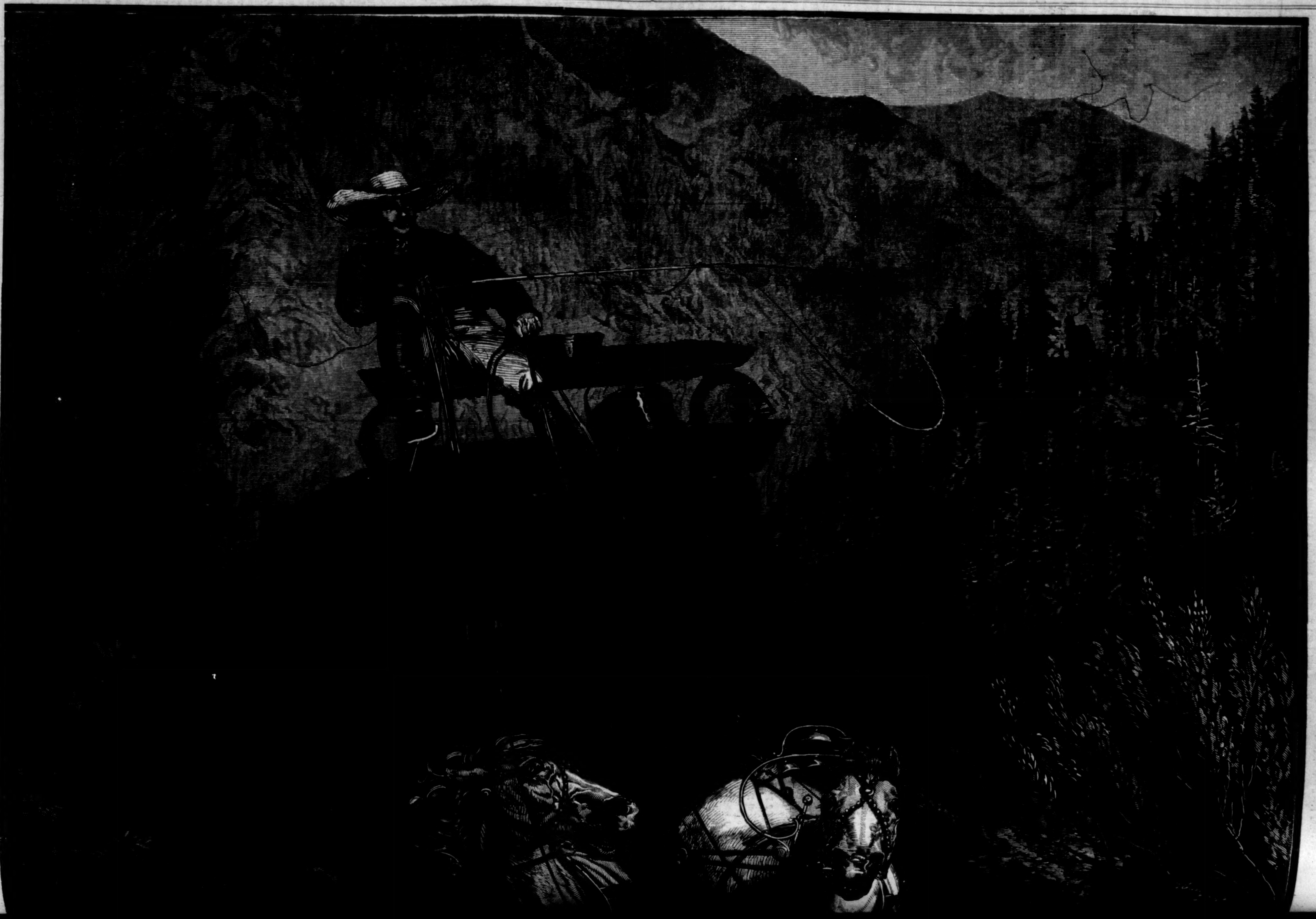
Dwellers along the sea-coast are not famous for their skill in phonography, notwithstanding their having so much shore-tanned experience.

A raptured writer inquires: "What is there under heaven more humanizing, or, if we may use the term, more angelizing, than a fine black eye in a lovely woman?" Answer: Two black eyes.

A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe shop with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."



FROM MINE TO MILL.—Drawn from a Sketch by Henry R. Poore.—[See Page 734.]



FROM MINE TO MILL.

The transportation of ore from mine to mill is an important step in the progress of the metal from its useless to its useful condition. It is an important feature of mining industry, and is the first to attract the attention of the traveller.

The gold and silver of our Western States are found imbedded in veins of quartz rock in particles of varying size, often too minute to be detected by the eye. In some instances these rocky veins have been decomposed by atmospheric agencies or worn away by the friction of running water, and their rich freight of pure metal washed down and mingled with the soil of the lower lying valleys, from which it may be separated by a simple process of washing. This is the easiest and least expensive method of mining.

The first discoveries of gold in our Western States were all of this character, and as only enough capital was required to buy a pick and shovel for digging and a cradle or pan for washing, thousands of men at each new discovery have been tempted from slower but surer branches of industry to try their luck in washing gold. A few only of these pioneers of mining ever become wealthy; those are fortunate who earn over one dollar per day, while many die from hardship and actual starvation.

These washings soon become exhausted, and recourse must then be had to the original veins of quartz, and thus sooner or later quartz mining becomes in all cases the permanent form of mining industry.

The quartz rock is taken from the mine to the mill, and there crushed to powder, and the metal separated from the pulverized rock by the use of quicksilver. The mills for crushing are frequently distinct enterprises of capitalists who locate them in the centre of a mining district, and from them the roads branch out to the different mines in the cañons round about. Where the necessary water is at hand, the mine and mill are sometimes near together and connected by tram-ways, but in most instances this is not the case, and they are often miles apart. Carting is then the only method of transporting the ore, and amidst the drudgeries of mining presents its one spirited feature.

In many of the mountain regions the grades are steep, and the roads of necessity narrow, being cut in the side of the cañon, the mountain wall rising high on the one side and an abrupt precipice on the other. In these descents, where team follows team in quick succession, there is danger as well as excitement, and although great precautions are taken, serious accidents occur every year. Each wagon is furnished with a powerful brake, capable of stopping and holding it in the steepest places of the road, even when loaded. Upon this the driver relies for safety, as the sailor does upon his anchor, and from the beginning of the down grade he keeps it in active service. Bells are also placed upon the horses, which rattle past and are hidden by the cloud of dust which follows.

Our double-page illustration shows one of these huge wagons whirling by a wayfarer who has sought refuge by the side of the narrow road. Sometimes a train of wagons passes in a long file. The novice in mountain travel may begin to move on when the first has passed by, but the sound of other bells causes him to shrink back hastily into his retreat. Another wagon bursts into sight, screeches past, and vanishes, then another, and another, until one passes with a bell behind it. This is the last, and the imprisoned traveller may now pass on in safety.

Having gained a prominent look-off, he may turn back, and, guided by the long lines of dust in the valley below, distinguish the teams appearing and disappearing through the foliage which lines the road, and the brakes being quiet, and other noises lessened, he may enjoy the tintinnabulation of the bells, as, softened by the distance, it now breaks musically upon his ear.

BROKEN IN.

DAYLIGHT was fast disappearing from high-road and forest as a rapidly driven carriage emerged, one beautiful June evening, from the stately woods of L——.

Abruptly from the solitude of the forest, and with a somewhat slackened pace, the vehicle entered the village main street of an inconsiderable and picturesque town, that, within a dozen miles of a famous summer resort, held itself, unstirred by the impulse of modern changes, in primitive retirement.

Not more than a dozen houses in a row, with opposite neighbors of the same number, included a parsonage; a blacksmith shop; a "country store," with a huge placard above its door, painted in black letters upon glaring white, "Maple Glen Post-office;" a chapel or "meeting-house," which was also a school-room; a millinery shop, designating itself by three or four limp bonnets in a cottage window; and a doctor's office, displaying a cluster of vials and pill-boxes in a cottage window directly in opposition to, if not in direct defiance of, the millinery.

Beyond this group of time-stained shops and domiciles, whose quaint gardens extended behind them to green pastures and grain fields, there was a stretch of rolling woodland, traversed by a clear bright stream so manifold in its windings that it was said an arrow shot across the course would bridge the current seven times; and beyond the woods rich farm lands stretched in undulating series to the horizon—farms that were the pride of the cultivated country beside whose southern boundary their borders lay.

Emerging from the second belt of woods upon the opening farm region, and crossing a rough bridge over the stream, widening at this point from its narrow windings into a deep and for some distance east and west a straight-banked sheet of water, the rapidly driven carriage came suddenly to a halt.

"Here we are," said a gentleman who, seated in the open barouche beside a girlish figure quietly curled in the corner, had been for a mile or more wrapped in profound silence. "This is the place, I think."

An embankment along the high-road, sustained by a stone wall almost hidden under the drooping branches of a flowering hedge, skirted a level lawn shaded by elms and apple-trees. A break in the hedge supplied the place of a gateway, and a slender path, bordered by flower beds, led to a farm-house.

The evening was calm and still, and the odor from the flower beds was delicious. Breath of hyacinths, tulips, violets, and a thicket of lilacs beyond made one think, although it was June, not of summer, but of spring.

All out-buildings being in the rear of the farmhouse and invisible from the entrance, the house itself—a long, low, rambling building of rough gray stone, with many gables and dormer-windows and irregular wings—had quite the air of a quaint villa.

The gentleman glanced anxiously up the path, and as he lifted the girl from the carriage he clasped her to his breast with an expression of mournful tenderness. She was a slight, prettily shaped, sweet-featured young creature, but she bore traces of extreme delicacy or of recent illness. Her cheek flushed with a hectic spot, and she trembled at this moment like a leaf. Without a word, after the embrace, they went up the path, and a knock at the farm-house door brought an immediate response.

"Mr. Horton and his daughter," said the gentleman to the antediluvian maid who opened the old-fashioned door, the upper half first, and then the locked under half. They were ushered into a small dingy parlor hung with Venetian blinds and furnished with "mahogany and black haircloth," assisted by a decrepit piano and a black marble centre table set with a high lamp, already dimly lighted.

An elderly lady entered: not an elderly lady of the modern type, with snow-white curls, and peachy cheeks, and artistically curved draperies, and billows of lace softening jewelled hands and throat; but an elderly lady of a generation past—a stiff, ungainly figure in a scrupulous stuff gown that concealed no waning grace; a complexion tanned by age; a mouth very nearly "sans teeth;" a "front" of black hair making the faded forehead more faded; a presence cold, angular, bleak, and yet with a certain indescribable air of dignity and refinement: Miss Janet Corson, principal of Maple Glen Seminary—a school limited to six pupils, and commanding, even in its obscurity, highest price and distinguished patronage.

Julia Horton turned pale as she caught the first glimpse of this icy dame; but she rallied courage for herself in dismay at the manner of her father, who seemed intent on expressing only one idea—his unwillingness, his extreme unwillingness, to leave his darling in Miss Corson's care.

"It is simply," he said, "because my daughter's health is so delicate, and she needs entire change; and Dr. L—— has recommended this locality and your supervision so strenuously. Health, renewed health, is what I seek for her; that is to be considered beyond every thing." And Miss Corson acquiesced, without any verbal ramifications, by simply placing in Mr. Horton's hands her circular of "Studies, Rules, and Regulations of Maple Glen Seminary," which lay conveniently on the table.

Mr. Horton, having taken leave of the schoolmistress, went down the garden path to the carriage for departure, and once more paused to embrace his child.

"Julia," he said, in agitation, "I don't feel as if I could leave you here. *Do you want to stay?* Say but the word, and you shall go back with me to S—— to-night, and to-morrow home again. Say but the word." He looked as if he longed to have her say it. But Julia summoned womanly bravery to a girl's wretched misgivings, and said, "I want to stay."

He kissed her good-by fervently, passionately; for his widowed heart cherished this darling as the adored image of all that was dear in the past, and all that could be dear in the future. He entered the carriage thoroughly unmanned, but she stood like a little statue at the gate, pale and calm. He glanced at her through blinding tears, kissed his hand to her, and drove away. Slowly she returned to Miss Corson, who waited, a dark figure in the dark doorway.

Homesickness—what a grief it is! The homeache, as the Germans call it—with what a hopeless fever does it set in!

"Oh, to have him back again! to hear his dear kind voice! 'Speak the word only, and you shall go home!' Oh, this pain in my breast! this little gnawing mouth beneath my heart! If I press my hand ever so tightly against it, it bites and frets, and gnaws me to death." These were Julia Horton's secret cries. Every night she fell asleep sobbing, "Father, dear father, come for me!" in the depths of homesickness. Every morning she awoke, not to write "Come," but to rally again a desperate bravery.

So a fortnight passed. Nothing at Maple Glen interested Julia Horton. Her chamber was like a cell; the school-room was a prison; her companions, a dull girl of her own age, a pair of sisters supercilious and carping, and two children of the ungainly ages of eleven and twelve, were utterly uncongenial. The garden, the stream, the laughing sky of June, the belting woods, the bountiful, beautiful world of nature, but mocked her. She was a stranger, and her affections were closed against all.

A fortnight had passed when Miss Corson said, one morning at breakfast:

"Miss Horton, your father expressed the wish that as soon as you were strong enough you should ride on horseback. You are scarcely nerved to manage reins yet, but you can ride in the old style upon a pillion, and gain vigor in that way. My nephew is a thorough horseman. He has been breaking in a beautiful mare expressly for the saddle. She is fleet, but quite safe. I have myself ridden her; and—" Miss Corson's voice faltered and her eyes dilated.

Julia Horton had sprung up imperiously and disdainfully to decline at once the ignominious mode of riding on a pillion. Her eyes flashed; a quick flame mounted to her cheek.

"But here," said Miss Corson, turning suddenly toward an advancing figure, "is my nephew, Irving Corson." A modest farm lad passed through the doorway; a spirited, manly form—almost elegant. Such was the happy chance of "homespun" in a military-like suit of dark gray; a face finely, even femininely, featured, yet firm and frankly intelligent; a nobly shaped head crowned with short golden curls; a glance directly at Julia Horton at once respectful, admiring, and genial. This was the groom, the master of the despised pillion, the breaker in of the safe saddle-horse. The moment that Julia saw him she dropped back into her chair without a word.

Sweet Julia Horton! Pink and white like a May-flower; like a May-flower, fragile yet velvety, if such an expression may be used in describing a girl—delicate, simple, yet with a charm of budding luxury. Irving Corson never forgot how in that first view she looked to him.

Miss Corson took advantage of the silence. "Irving," said she, "saddle Seafoam, and with the pillion, and be at the gate at nine. Shall I say nine, Miss Horton?"

"At nine," said Julia, still gazing at Irving, whose eyes were spell-bound upon her.

"And not too long a ride for the first," continued Miss Corson. "You might go to the village through the woods and return by the field road."

To the village through the woods! There could not have been a summer ride more enchanting.

Seafoam—a beautiful mare, cream-colored, with snow-white tail and mane—bounded along in a delightful short canter. The air was filled with exhilarating balms of the forest. Birds sang in the tree-tops; the rooks, with their strange calls, flew across the strip of blue sky above the greenwood's lofty arch; here and there a red squirrel darted along some leafy branch, and paused with a shy stare; not another creature entered the solitude. It was just the place for the inspired unreserve of youth to expend itself in confidences.

"I have been so unhappy," said Julia to her golden-haired groom—the golden head was conspicuous, for Irving had hidden away his military cap to ride before her uncovered. "You know I live in New York, and in summer we go to Saratoga and to the sea-shore. Maple Glen seems as far off from all familiar places as China. I don't like the country, though to-day it looks rather pretty; these woods are nice, and Seafoam is a darling."

"You have come at the right season," said Irving, encouragingly, "to learn to love the country; and you will, if you stay long enough. Nature has a quiet way of growing upon one. Still I can imagine the fascination of a great city, and of the sea. I have dreams of them."

"I sympathize with people who dream," said Julia. "I dream myself—day-dreams. You meant day-dreams too, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Irving, very earnestly; "and I wonder if my dreams will be realized? I shall try to realize them. I am working for them pretty hard just now. Since I left the High School at L—— I have been reading Latin and Greek with Dr. R——, our pastor. In the fall I am to enter a lawyer's office either in Boston or New York."

"I hope in New York," said Julia.

"I hope so too," said Irving. Until to-day Boston had been his ideal city. "Shall *you* be in New York next winter?"

"Without doubt. But, ah! how different our home is now since dear mamma is gone! My aunt, who keeps house for us, is very precise and strict. You can't think how bright and happy every thing was made by dear angel mamma." Julia's voice trembled. "It is more than a year now since she died."

Irving was silent for a few moments; then he said, very gently: "You must know my mother. I will ask Aunt Janet to let you come and see us. My mother will be the best one to cure your homesickness. She is a perfect comforter. She inspires me. My father is a good man—a farmer. We live in the same house with you, only our door is the south entrance. Maple Glen Farm—far as we can see—is my father's. But my mother was a minister's daughter; she is quite a scholar. She sympathizes with me in my dreams of the future—those day-dreams that *you* sympathize with. You will love my mother."

"I am sure I will," said Julia.

Thus unreservedly and without hesitation Julia Horton and her golden-haired groom entered into good companionship, and into a friendship that every morning, as the pillion rides continued, became more confidential and absorbing.

Julia's strength improved rapidly. She was soon able to ride Seafoam in saddle, with only the precaution of a check-rein for Irving, who at her side mounted Seafoam's chestnut brother. And Julia wore her pretty gray habit, with a bunch of roses at her belt. And the people in the village watched for the passing, and to see the young couple stop at the post-office for the letters; then away at speed, to return every day by some new route, to take in a water-fall, or a view-famed hill, or a wild glen, or a meadow passage by the winding stream.

Julia grew rosy and happy, and fond of every thing and every one around her. She made the stupid girl laugh, she softened the carping sisters, she petted the uninteresting creatures of eleven and twelve; she enjoyed lessons in the school-room, and writing long letters to her father to say how she had learned to like "the country," and to tell dear Dr. L—— what good it was doing her; and she liked her cell of a room, and named it "Cozy Nook," and dotted its walls with wood leaves and sedges and red-cupped moss. And Irving gave her, in a wicker cage, a tame "cross-bill" which had such winning ways that she won a mate to come and court her outside the wires. And always at daybreak a bunch of roses lay on the window-sill. How it got there, since there was no visible ladder, is and ever will be a mystery; but they were real roses, and Julia wore them. Above all, she loved sweet Mrs. Corson, the minister's daughter, Irving's mother, whom she was allowed to visit, and who initiated her into the mysteries of weaving and baking and the dairy. And she grew fond of the good farmer, who, she felt, admired her profoundly. He won her heart when he took her to the pastures to see his sheep—not perfectly beautiful sheep, like Verboeckhoven's, but very curly and comfortable, as they sported and browsed in the green grass. And—could she believe it?—the farmer knew the face of every sheep in his flock. "They are all alike to strangers," said he, "but to me different; I know each one."

"You are like the Good Shepherd," said Julia.

One afternoon late in August, changing the hour of riding, to return at sundown, that most beautiful of hours, Julia and Irving Corson had gone far westward, and without turning back to know how the sky had changed behind them, when suddenly a great shadow fell across the earth, a murmur of thunder rolled far up into the heavens, and more swiftly than the horses' feet could fly before it to seek protection, the appalling gloom of a tempest cast its shroud over the whole scene.

They reached a farm-house before the rain fell: fortunately, for the floods, once unbound, descended in torrents. Julia insisted upon staying on the piazza, which was well sheltered, and where she could watch the storm. Irving remained beside her, and the hostess appeared now and then to reiterate invitations to "come in," to bring a wrap for Julia as the air grew chill, and to pour for them some of her famous currant wine.

The wild majesty of the storm was very exciting, and, as it abated, the confidential talk of the young people took a turn more serious than ever; in low tones they said to each other those deep questionings and conjectures that age learns to suppress—of the mysteries of change, the fatality of the elements, the strange caprices of life. Ah, what did they not talk of in that hour of terror and grandeur, that electrical hour of awe and grave tenderness? The conversation drew them together as they never had been drawn before; it concentrated the attraction of the summer; it culminated into appreciable reality the affection that had been a vague presence in the atmosphere; it interpreted the meaning of that new life which had illuminated every thing, but kept itself veiled until its "seed of fire" was planted too deeply in the heart to be outrooted lightly.

The sun had gone down by the time the weather cleared sufficiently to allow them to venture abroad again. Every member of the farm-house family came to see them mount, and they rode away amid kindly cautions.

The roads were so heavy they were obliged to go slowly, and it was quite dark when they entered the woods. It was then, riding side by side so slowly, Seafoam almost touching her chestnut brother, that Irving, not satisfied with drawing close the check-rein, leaned toward Julia in the dark and put his arm around her.

He could not help it. And his cheek touched hers—that was all. But with that touch what strangeness fell upon the whole world! What deep celestial strangeness fell upon the world with that first touch of love—that touch, betrayal slight, yet avowal infinite! That first thrill of the heart, faint, shy, incredulous, ethereal, and yet clasp upon eternity! Who does not know it, the mystery of first love? Is there any spell to compare?

No; there is nothing like it! In all after-years we may lay our hand upon what joy we will—pure and innocent it must be to bear the comparison for a moment—but I say we may lay our hand upon what joy we will in after-existence, we shall never find any thing on the earth like the first flower of the heart.

Passing from the dark woods to the open road, the embrace found excuse no longer. They rode more rapidly, and in a few moments were at home. The carping sisters flew to the hedge to meet Julia. "Oh, we have all been so frightened about you! And your father has come for you!" they cried. "Your aunt is in Saratoga, and your brothers, and they want you. It's too bad, and we're awfully sorry. And you'll have to pack your trunks to-night, for you're going away before breakfast-time to-morrow."

"No, my dear," said the formidable aunt, who, for some occult association with her favorite formula "propriety," Julia's little brothers named Aunt Lix Pro—"no, my dear, the invitation is impossible. 'Tis all well enough that this worthy farm lad should be allowed to call occasionally, since your father consents, and since he is studying law in your uncle Richard's office, and to come once in a while to Sunday tea. But to invite him to your German is simply preposterous."

"I don't know why, auntie," said Julia, ruefully. "They were very kind to me last summer. Nothing in Irving's house was too good for *me*: I don't know why any thing in my house should be too good or too pleasant for him. Here he is away from his home, almost alone in the city. I think it is a privilege to give him pleasure."

"The German would not give him pleasure," said the aunt, seizing an advantage. "He would be lonelier than ever, since he could not dance; he has probably never seen the German, much less joined in it."

"There is some truth in that," said Julia; and she made no more pleadings in behalf of her

friend until a fortnight later, when she was to give a dinner. "Now, auntie, you can not say a word," said Julia, coaxingly. "If I may not invite Irving Corson to a German, I may invite him to dine. If he can not dance, he can eat."

"No, my dear, he can *not*; not conventionally."

"I never knew there was such a thing as eating conventionally," said Julia.

"You never knew it theoretically, perhaps," said Aunt Electa, "but you know it instinctively: it is born in you to observe all those little elegancies of manner that belong to thorough good-breeding. Naturally, for instance, you know where to drop your fork at the end of a course, and not to drink your soup from the end of the spoon, and to put no knife to your salad, and—ah, you smile, my dear Julia; you consider these things trifles. But 'trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.'"

"Oh, auntie, don't quote Michael Angelo or Raphael in such a connection. Ah, well! so it is born in me to take my *bouillon* from the side of my spoon. Happy Julia!"

"In short," continued Aunt Lix Pro, not noticing this interjection, "Irving Corson is a clever country boy, an honest young man, but he is not presentable, and that settles it."

"I only wish, Aunt Electa," continued Julia, emphatically, "that you could hear Mabel King—certainly *she* is presentable—talk about him. She thinks he is 'the mould of form.' And Uncle Richard declares he has marked talent. And Annie Lafarge says his curls are so perfectly beautiful that she dreamed about him one night until his golden hair turned into a white wig, and then she awoke, frightened. But some one told her a white wig is typical of legal preferment. He may be on the bench some day. Then you will be pleased and proud to ask him to dine with us."

"Let us hope that he will be broken in by that time to some of those technical trifles which are the freemasonry of cultivated refinement—" Aunt Electa started.

Julia had sprung up in her impulsive way, with cheeks brightening, eyes sparkling. She seemed about to make some daring exclamation, but, changing her mind, kept silence. Aunt Electa had given her a suggestion, and she determined to act upon it. The suggestion was contained in the one accidental phrase, "broken in."

The next time that Julia was alone with Irving she approached the predetermined subject very delicately, very shyly, for she had deep reverence for this young man; and to be his preceptor, even in trifles, seemed to her the acme of presumption. She began, timidly:

"How nice it would be, Irving, if you had your beautiful Seafoam here to ride in Central Park! But I suppose city sights would frighten her at first."

"She would soon get over the fright," said Irving.

"Yes, you could break her in. You are excellent at that. You broke me in to be accustomed to a whole world of strangeness. I was so homesick, you know, at first. But you taught me to see the beauty of that tranquil life, that peaceful routine so different from New York's exciting ways; and after this, wherever I go, I shall always have a little garden in my heart."

"I am glad that Maple Glen, so dear to me, should be painted pleasantly somewhere in your memory," said Irving.

And now she must reach the point. "And every thing is so different in the country: one does not have to think of many things that in a—in a more artificial life become important. I like the simple manners of the heart; but in New York one has to remember rules and proprieties and styles, and all that." She paused, and Irving's quick perception caught the drift. His cheek flushed slightly with the fear that he had been the trespasser upon some grave fiat of etiquette. Aunt Lix Pro arose bodily in his imagination, bearing the sword of the avenger; but his eyes shone sunnily undaunted, as they always shone, and his voice was merry and kind and graciously toned, as Julia thought no other voice could be, and he helped her through.

"It should be so," he said. "Polite society requires rules and harmonized details like any other body-politic. I suppose there are a thousand things a young fellow has to learn."

"Yes, indeed," said Julia, eagerly; "and no one can teach him excepting a sister, or some near friend like a sister. Irving, if any one has to tell you little things of that sort, I want it to be *me*. I think I could break you in: would you like to have me?"

"Nothing would please me more, if you will undertake the task;" and Irving lifted her hand to his lips with the grace of a courtier. It was born in him to be chivalric; she did not have to teach him that. "I shall be delighted," he said, "to be broken in."

Julia began her task by persuading Irving to join her dancing class. Then, little by little, she initiated him into those technicalities of manners of which she had been hitherto critically unconscious, and which she was consequently obliged to recognize now by considerable application of purpose and studious observation. She used a graceful tact in her initiations, and Irving Corson proved an apt scholar. He had love for his motive; he wished to appear well in the estimation of the girl he adored; and dignifying act by intention, he despised not "the day of small things." In after-years he reaped the benefit of having mastered this key, slight as it was, to pass one gateway of Prejudice, and so to bring his clear intelligence into more direct contact with the people around him.

Yes, the handsome, sunny-tempered, bright-witted farm lad proved an apt and rapid scholar in the smiling world's tuition. But before the magical "breaking in" had completed his accomplishments, certain symptoms of unmistakable attraction in the mutual conduct of the young couple alarmed not only the aunt Electa, but Julia's father. Suddenly the tidings were announced that the whole family were going to Europe. Thither they went, earlier in spring than fashionable migration usually determines, and they remained abroad three years.

Julia was in the bloom of her youth and beauty; she had the prestige of affluence and the atmosphere of luxury. She was surrounded with lovers, as girls are in such circumstances, but to her the tide of adoring admiration could come "so far, and no farther." There was, as she had said, a little garden in her heart, and that garden remained cherished. A voice had spoken in "the cool of its day"—the voice of First Love. Its echoes were sweeter than all the clang and cadence and insinuating under-tones of the outer world's voices.

At the end of three years the family returned, and the first "dear, familiar face" that Julia saw, on her landing upon native land, was the face of Irving Corson.

And it seems but yesterday—and yet it must be longer ago, for since then there has been the perplexing choice of "bridal presents," and since then a wedding—it seems but yesterday that people driving in the Park observed along the curve of the bridle-road two riders flashing by, one on a cream-colored beauty, the other on a high-stepping chestnut.

"There goes Julia Horton," said one, "and Irving Corson. They are engaged; and I am glad, for a love-match is refreshing. They say that young Corson is wonderfully talented. Some accident brought him into the D—— case, and he made a speech that 'brought down' judge and jury. Mr. Horton is as much in love with him—so they tell me—as his daughter. Wise man! he prefers a serious, ardent working-man to a society butterfly for his Rosebud; and Julia Horton is a rose-bud in every sense of the word—a superbly sweet little creature."

And Irving Corson, at the door-step of Mr. Horton's house, springing from his saddle to give service at Julia's alighting, took into his soul the full appreciation of her rose-bud gentleness and grace. He could not, indeed, in the glare of crowded light and idle eyes draw her to him, as once in the forest dark, until his cheek touched hers, but he looked into her eyes, and their glance was soft, trustful, inspired, radiant; he felt her thoughts touch his, he felt her heart lean against his. Yes, and her heart of hearts.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have already referred to the interesting experiments made last year in Massachusetts and Vermont in the importation into the United States of the European quail, and to the renewal of the experiment during 1878. Altogether over 1000 birds have been imported, and among them 200 by the Club for the Protection of Game and Fish at Warren, Pennsylvania. The experiment is an inexpensive one, as the total cost of the birds, including freight and maintenance on shipboard, is a mere trifle per head. As the birds are very prolific, and form an excellent article of food and sport, there is every inducement to continue the experiment. They are migratory, leaving their Northern quarters in the autumn and returning in the spring.

The natural history department of the University of Virginia has been highly favored of late, first, in the donation by Mr. LEWIS BROOKS, of Rochester, of a magnificent museum, with a suitable building to contain it, followed by a more recent addition of a botanical collection, to be prepared by Professor HENRY A. WARD, of Rochester, at the expense of the heirs of Mr. BROOKS.

Quite lately it is announced that Mr. W. W. CORCORAN, of Washington, has endowed the department of natural history with the sum of $50,000, and an incumbent of the chair will be elected by the Regents of the University on the 12th of September next. His duties will include mineralogy, geology, botany, and zoology, and the salary will be $3000 per annum, with house rent. An opportunity is furnished for competition by some of our specialists who may desire to secure the position. Communications on this subject should be addressed to Hon. A. A. H. STUART, Staunton, Virginia.

We have already mentioned the fact of the death of Dr. CHARLES PICKERING, a well-known American naturalist, but without giving any details of his life and labors. Born in 1804, he became a resident of Philadelphia in 1827, and was for a number of years one of the most active members of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, having the special charge of its collection of plants. In 1838 he joined the scientific corps of the United States exploring expedition under WILKES, and with it was absent nearly four years, returning on the 10th of June, 1842.

In 1843 he made an extended tour through Europe, Asia, and Africa, for the purpose of obtaining some ethnological data, which were embodied in his Exploring Expedition report upon *The Races of Men and their Geographical Distribution*, published in 1848. In 1854 he published another Exploring Expedition volume, entitled *Geographical Distribution of Animals and Plants*. The second part of his work upon the geographical distribution of animals and plants was published in 1876, and a still more elaborate treatise on the history of the principal food plants and their relationship to man is now going through the press. The death of Dr. PICKERING took place in Boston on the 17th of March, 1878.

The chemical journals exult in the recent triumph of chemical synthesis, as probably indicating a brilliant future in this respect, when it will be possible to prepare artificially a great many important objects of great cost and value, which can now only be obtained naturally. It is well known that in 1868 the peculiar principle of the dye madder was made artificially from coal-tar, and that the cost of preparation is now much less than that of the original article. It is manufactured in enormous quantity, and at such prices as to have very seriously interfered with the cultivation of the plant for chemical purposes. Very recently Professor BAEYER, successor of LIEBIG at Munich, has effected in the artificial composition of indigo (the product of the well-known indigo plants), and it is to be expected that before long the artificial dye will be in extensive if not universal use.

Vienna has again met with a loss of a veteran in science in the death of KARL VON ROKITANSKY, the President of the Vienna Academy of Sciences. His death occurred on the 23d of July, at the age of seventy-four. Professor ROKITANSKY is best known as a pathological anatomist and physiologist, in which departments he earned well-merited distinction.

The publication of a scientific journal entitled *The Palæontologist* has lately been begun by U. P. JAMES, of Cincinnati. The first number appeared in July, 1878, and is to be followed by others as rapidly as material can be supplied. Its object is to furnish a medium for the early publication of papers on geology and palæontology, without depending upon the regular serials. This number contains a description of many new species of silurian fossils, by Mr. JAMES.

L. PRANG & Co. have commenced publishing in semi-monthly numbers an attractive work upon the native flowers and ferns of the United States, edited by THOMAS MEEHAN. Each number contains four plates, with accompanying text, and the first series will occupy twenty-four parts, composing two volumes. In the eight numbers which have already appeared illustrations of many familiar acquaintances present themselves; and in view of its low price the work is doubtless destined to a wide circulation.

Professor THOMAS OLDHAM, well known as the director of the Geological Survey of India, died at Rugby on the 17th July last, after a long and useful career as a geologist. As early as 1843 he was assistant to Colonel PORTLOCK, of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, where, as a draughtsman, mineralogist, and lithologist, he rendered excellent service. At that time he occupied the chair of geology in the university at Dublin; and when the Geological Survey of Ireland was initiated in 1845, he was appointed geologist on the staff of Sir HENRY JAMES. In 1846 he became director of this survey, and left it in 1850 to take charge of the Geological Survey of India and the Geological Museum of Calcutta. These posts he held till 1876, when feeble health compelled him to resign them, and he returned to England.

An interesting capture was made a few days ago, near Cape May, New Jersey, of a large saw-fish, measuring over sixteen feet in length, the saw alone being four feet. So northern a locality of the species is unusual, as it is generally quite rare off the coast of North Carolina and Virginia, but extremely abundant in Florida, where its pursuit and capture constitute a notable feature in the sporting community.

The occurrence of copper in the so-called green oysters has been denied, and this tinge referred to the presence of a green alga, which develops readily in the pits or basins. Quite recently, however, specimens of the well-known Portuguese oyster, which also possesses this peculiarity, were investigated by BALLAND. He found that when they were placed for some time in contact with a well-cleaned plate of iron they actually deposited a thin red layer of metallic copper. He discovered by experiment as much as three milligrams of copper to the oyster. It is stated that those who tasted these coppery oysters experienced no ill effect from them.

Among the many substances recently brought to notice for the purpose of preventing mineral incrustations in steam-boilers is metallic zinc. The boiler is simply to be filled with it and worked in the usual manner. If the amount of ordinary incrustation from the water be but slight, the deposit, instead of forming a solid crust, will remain in a state of suspension. If the incrustation is rapid, the deposit is strong and inherent, but not adherent, and can easily be removed by hand. It is especially serviceable in calcareous waters, if not too hard. When the water is strongly charged with gypsum, the result is hardly appreciable. The zinc is introduced in slabs placed in any part of the boiler where not influenced by direct fire.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The terrible pestilence still rages in Southern cities, cutting down its victims with merciless haste. No class is spared. The young and the old, the white and the black, the rich and the poor, alike are taken. At New Orleans, Memphis, Vicksburg, and Grenada the deadly fever has spread desolation in its path. The latter town has been literally depopulated. A great terror has overspread the residents of some of the stricken cities, and the people have fled by thousands to healthier localities. The great cry has been for nurses and physicians, particularly in Grenada, where in many cases there were those who lay helpless with the fever, and absolutely none to minister to their needs. At this time the call for help still continues. Among the cities which have made a hearty response is New York, money and supplies (both of which have been sorely needed) having been sent with a generous hand by private individuals, corporations, societies, business firms, and special relief organizations. The Howard Associations of New Orleans, Memphis, and other Southern cities have done and still are doing a most noble work for God and humanity. Nurses have taken their lives in their hands and gone into the very midst of the death-bearing infection, to care for the sick, the dying, and the dead, who are utter strangers to them personally. They hope for no reward, no glory, nothing save the consciousness of suffering relieved and Christian duty done. They know they may fall victims; when the blow comes, they lie down to die, and others step in and fill their places. We, at a safe distance from the malignant atmosphere of that most sorely stricken town, Grenada, can not easily appreciate the heroism of those self-sacrificing nurses who have gone thither for humanity's sake. Their noble courage and Christian charity are worthy of lasting remembrance and honor.

Not long ago there was a private exhibition of the model of the statue of General Custer at the studio of the artist. This statue is to be erected at West Point as a memorial to the brave soldier. The figure will rest upon a pedestal of granite, upon the four faces of which will be panels in gold bronze in bass-relief. The front panel shows Custer, mounted upon a powerful horse, toiling up the steep incline of a mountain. There are mountains in the distance. On the right aspect of the pedestal the panel will represent a buffalo's head surrounded with arrows, worked out in the form of an aureola. On the left is the head of a stupendous grizzly, environed by a group of Indians. The rear aspect displays a panel giving the name, rank, age, birth-place, battles, and death-story of the general.

Somewhere between fifteen and twenty thousand people rode in the cars of the east-side division of the New York Elevated Railroad on the first day of its opening. The majority of the passengers seemed to travel on this new line from convenience, and not from mere curiosity. Below the track groups collected on the sidewalk, and watched the movements of the trains with intense interest. The line now extends to the Grand Central Dépôt, but will soon be completed to Sixty-seventh Street, and thence to Harlem.

As is well known, the Grand Army of the Republic is an organization whose object is to assist needy and destitute soldiers of the late war, and their families. An announcement is made from Koltes Post, No. 32, which is a part of this organization, that the resources have become so limited that it is proposed to hold a grand fair to replenish the fund. An appeal is made to the charitable to remember those who gave their services to the country in its hour of need. The fair will be held at the Germania Assembly Rooms, 291 and 293 Bowery, from September 15 to 22 inclusive. Donations will be thankfully received.

Not long ago Coney Island seemed to be only an unprofitable sand beach, given over to the tender mercies of the roughest characters of New York and Brooklyn. But now that it has become—at least certain portions of it—a respectable and popular sea-side resort, numerous claimants are springing up who assert themselves to be the original owners of the island. One of the most confident of these claimants is Mrs. Gifford, an old lady living near Rochester, who declares that an undivided quarter of the island belongs to her. Her title to the property seems clear, and the heirs to the other three-quarters of the island are known. But it is not likely that Coney Island will be resigned to them without a long legal warfare.

On August 27 the situation at New Orleans is thus represented by the telegraphic reports: "The Howard Association has now in charge 1086 cases of fever, which keep 600 nurses and 40 physicians constantly busy.... To-day's fever report shows 194 new cases and 49 deaths.... The hope that the fever had reached its climax is dispelled, as the malady is spreading rapidly in the Second and Third districts, hitherto not infected."

According to a Mohammedan priest of Medina, the end of the world is fixed for July 11, 1879. This information was imparted to him by the Prophet Mohammed, and a proclamation to this effect is posted in nearly every mosque in India.

Flies have totally disappeared from the districts infected with yellow fever.

As the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise will soon take up their residence in Canada, the Montreal people are thinking of erecting an appropriate vice-regal residence.

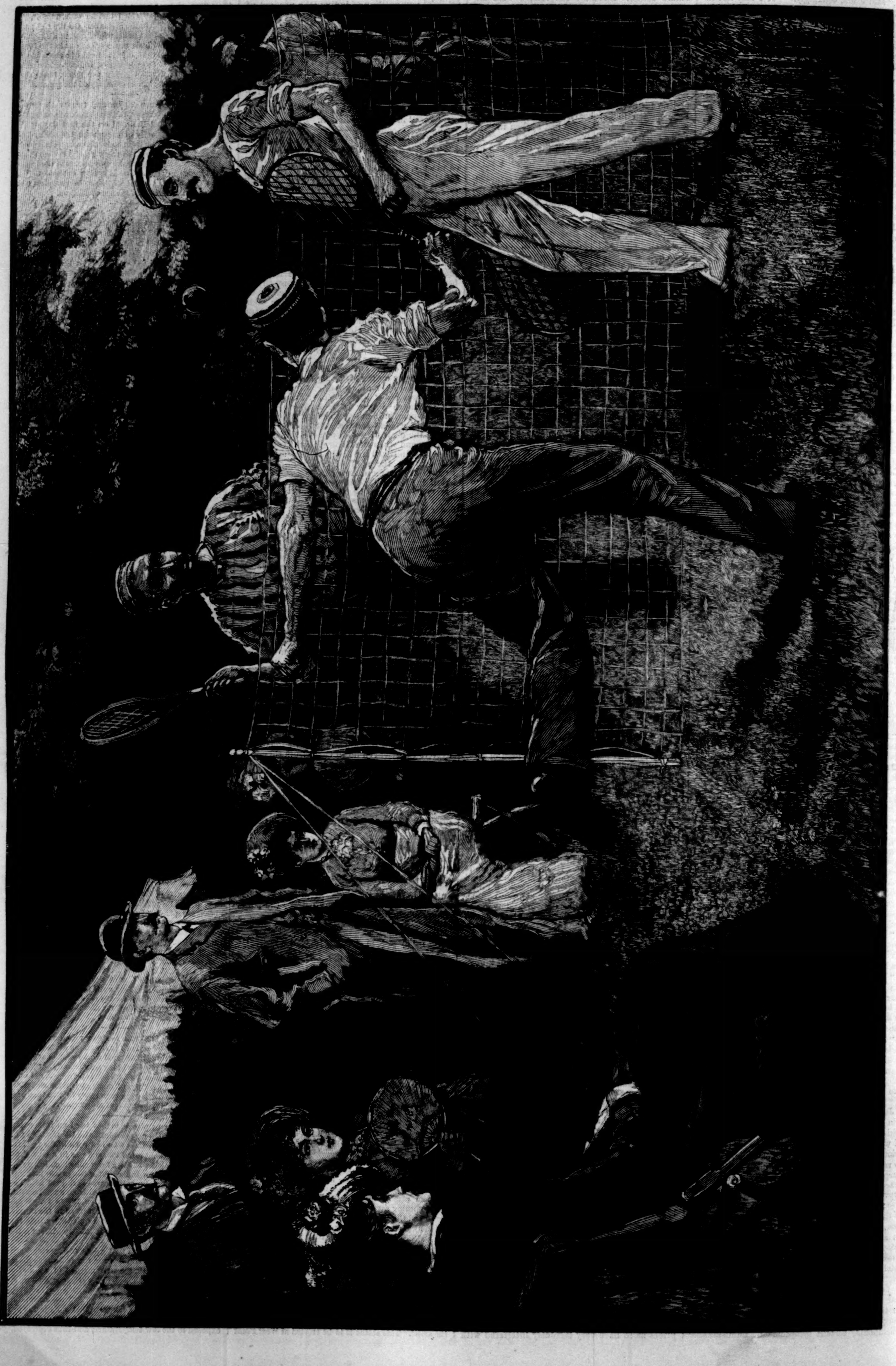
A Conservatory or College of Music has been organized and incorporated in Cincinnati, to be located in the new Music Hall. Theodore Thomas, the orchestral director, who has for so many years ministered to the enjoyment of music-lovers in New York and Brooklyn, has accepted the position of director in this new Conservatory. He has made a contract to give his time to the interests of that enterprise for five years, and he begins his work in Cincinnati about the 1st of October. Good fortune this is for Cincinnati, but New York sustains a great loss in the departure of a musical conductor of so much culture, intelligence, and experience. Our city may well regret that better appreciation and appropriate inducements were not offered to retain Mr. Thomas here. To supply his place in Philharmonic and other concerts will be difficult if not impossible.

The security of the Mount Washington Railway has been pretty thoroughly tested. A week or two ago about 260 passengers started for the summit, four trains—each consisting of one passenger and one small baggage car—being used to convey them. Of course they were much crowded. The three forward trains reached the summit on time, but the engine of the last one met with an accident. Seven cogs in the wheel broke. This was instantly discovered, and the train stopped, while few of the seventy passengers were aware of the accident until later. A train from the summit came down for the passengers, and measures were taken to remove the disabled engine, which was accomplished the next day.

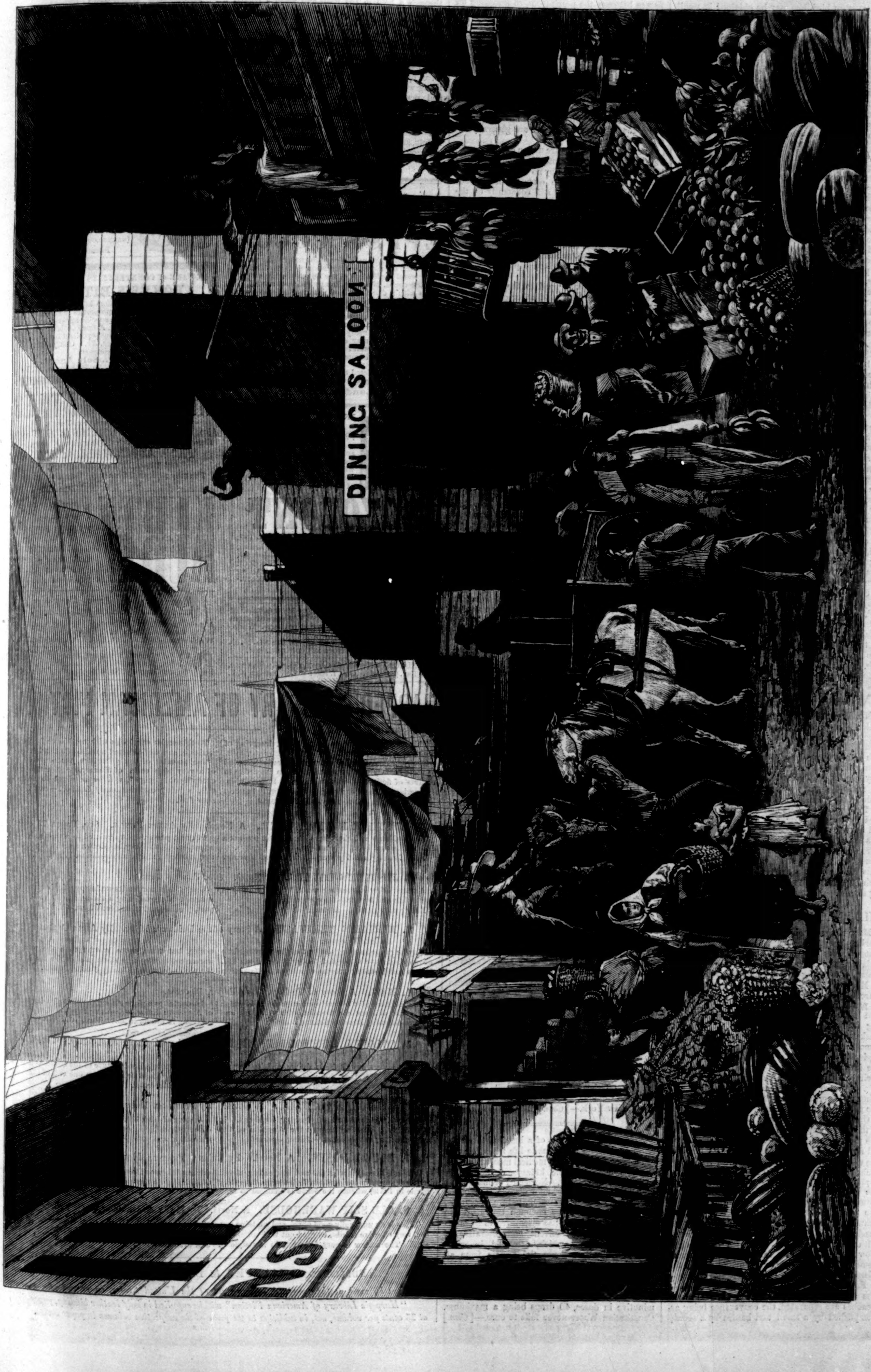
The Princess Louise, in her new relation as wife of the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, will be able to continue those good works which have made her beloved and popular in her own country. She will be missed in England, where she is patroness, not only in name but in reality, of many charitable societies, and where she has always been ready to give time and attention to many benevolent movements.

A New Orleans physician has tried an interesting experiment, which may revolutionize the treatment of yellow fever. A patient who had been ill for twenty-four hours, without attention, and was in a moribund condition, was placed upon a fever cot which had a net-work cover, with an India rubber receptacle beneath. For two hours and a half he was sprinkled with ice-water, until his body was reduced from a temperature of 105° to 58°, and his pulse from 100 to 90. When the sprinkling ceased, his body returned to the normal heat in health, and he fell into a quiet sleep. At this writing the permanent result of the experiment is not known.

It has been suggested that a low temperature, artificially produced, would destroy the poisonous germs of the fever, and that a new method of quarantine might thus be established. A ward in a quarantine station devoted to yellow fever patients might be kept at a very low temperature, and a surrounding anteroom made still colder, so that no disease-producing germs could escape before they are thoroughly exposed to the low temperature, and thus destroyed.



LAWN TENNIS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 731.]



AT WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Granville Perkins.—[See Page 738.]

JAPANESE BIRD-LIME.

ALTHOUGH bird-lime may be obtained in small quantities in other countries, Japan is probably the only one in the world in which it is regularly manufactured on a large scale, and here it gives employment to some thousands of persons.

The best kinds of bird-lime are distinguished by being free from bark, of a dull whitish color, extremely viscid, and having a very grumous consistency; these descriptions are said to keep good for any length of time. The principal tree from which this bird-lime is made is a dark evergreen, found in the southern half of Japan, which grows high up the shady sides of deep mountain glens, and is frequently used as an ornamental shrub. Its bark is of a grayish-brown color and rather rough texture; the leaves are of a smooth dark green, rather more pulpy than our holly leaf, and have an unbroken edge.

The manufacture of bird-lime extends over a period of several months, commencing about June, when the bark is stripped off the trees and macerated in water for some forty days, after which it is collected and beaten in a mortar. The pestle used is shod with iron, its flat under surface being armed with spikes projecting downward. When the pulpy mass under the pestle becomes glutinous, it is taken out and washed in water, in order to remove as far as possible the rough outer bark. The pulp is then again pounded, and treated in a caldron with hot water, on the surface of which it floats. During this treatment it undergoes considerable manipulation at the hands of the workman, for the purpose of separating the remaining particles of bark, which sink to the bottom of the boiler. This is the most difficult part of the process, as much skill and experience are required in the workman to keep the stuff from adhering to his hands. After this, the pulpy mass is again washed in cold water, and the pounding, boiling, and washing are repeated until the material becomes sufficiently clean and pure.

The uses to which the Japanese put this substance are numerous, the chief being, of course, the snaring of birds and animals. By means of it animals as large as monkeys are caught, for when they once get the stuff upon their paws, they soon cover themselves with it, and so exhaust their strength in trying to get rid of it that they fall an easy prey. Birds almost of the size of ducks are taken, and by a very ingenious process. The young shoots of the wistaria, which attain considerable length and are strong, are gathered, dried, and knotted together in one continuous length. This is floated out to sea, after being smeared with bird-lime; and very often in the morning several birds are caught. Small birds are caught in various ways; some by means of a decoy bird concealed near a patch of tempting food, in which are fixed numerous little splinters of bamboo like large needles, the upper half of which is smeared with bird-lime. Others, again, are taken on trees by means of a long, slender bamboo, the top of which is anointed with the lime, and then stealthily thrust against their feathers.

WASHINGTON MARKET.

OUR illustration on page 737 will give the reader a good idea of the appearance of the streets close around Washington Market at this season of the year, when the stalls are crowded with almost every description of foreign and domestic fruits and vegetables. The scene is a busy one, especially early in the morning, when the market wagons come in from the country loaded with produce; and even to a late hour in the forenoon the streets and sidewalks are blockaded by wagons, carts, and a crowd of porters and buyers. Both Washington and Fulton markets are a disgrace to New York. In their place there ought to be erected handsome and commodious stone and iron structures, with accommodations for the wagons and teams that now present such impediments to passing through the adjoining streets.

THE PEACH CROP IN DELAWARE.

MOST of the peaches that supply the New York markets are produced within that small peninsula whose shores are washed by the waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake bays and the Atlantic Ocean, comprising the so-called Eastern Shores of Maryland and Virginia and the State of Delaware. By far the greater amount of these peaches is produced in Delaware, where, in the middle and lower counties of the State, the peach-growing interest, with its accessories of canning, basket-making, and so forth, forms a specialty almost overshadowing the other not unimportant agricultural interests of the region. Upon this the farmers in the peach-growing districts base their calculations for obtaining the luxuries of life. Toward the peach season the railroads and other transportation companies look as to one of the great items of business.

On page 728 we present a sketch made in one of the large peach orchards of Delaware, showing the pickers at work. There are few more beautiful sights than a peach orchard in full bearing, the vistas between the parallel rows of trees overarched with dark green foliage, the verdant roof studded with ripe and ripening fruit, suggesting the gems of Aladdin's cavern. Every where throughout the orchard are seen the figures of the "plucks," mounted on high step-ladders, drawing down the heavily laden branches of luscious fruit. Every where the air is burdened with the all-prevading fragrance of peaches. Now and then from a knot of negro laborers comes a burst of music in the quaint airs of the plantation melodies.

From the orchard the peaches are carried to the sorting-house, where the large and small peaches are separated, the conveyance being accomplished by a small cart hauled by a sedate-looking mule, closely muzzled, to prevent him from taking sly nips of the verdant leaves as he passes between the peach-trees, so knocking off the ripe fruit.

The pickers, or, as they are generally called, the "peach plucks," are partly the regular farm hands, partly an imported product bearing a very close resemblance to our tramps, sleeping under hedges or in barns, picking a few peaches here and there—enough to gain a precarious livelihood—occasionally, it is to be feared, threatening defenseless women, and generally doing only work enough to supply the barest necessities. These itinerant "plucks" are mostly whites, while the regular farm hands are generally negroes.

The Delaware peaches are not an exotic growth, like the grapes of the same name, but a strictly local production, excelled by no other fruit of the kind in the world. The quantity of peaches raised in the peninsula is still constantly on the increase, as facilities for transportation and the increase of canning establishments open ever wider markets for their sale. The latest statistics number the peach-trees of the peninsula at about five millions, covering fifty thousand acres of the best and most productive land, and representing in money an invested capital of nearly three million dollars.

Of the fresh fruit shipped to the markets of New York, Philadelphia, and other cities of the Middle States, there passed over the Delaware Railroad, in 1877, 4248 car-loads—over two million baskets—while at least an equal quantity would find its way to market by water. This year's crop is much less in quantity, probably not more than half an average crop, owing to the untimely frosts of late spring—a fact that has probably already unpleasantly impressed itself upon peach-lovers by the comparative scarcity this season of this most delicious and satisfying fruit.

FAT MAN MADE HAPPY.—LOSES 61 LBS.

PRATTVILLE, ALA., *July* 20, 1878.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—About three weeks ago I commenced using your "Anti-Fat," at which time my weight was 219 pounds. By following your directions carefully, I have succeeded in reducing my weight to 158 pounds. This is all very satisfactory and pleasant; but just previous to my commencing the use of your medicine, I had purchased two suits of fine clothes at a high price, and find, to my dismay, that they are entirely useless to me now. When I put one of my coats on, my friends tell me it looks like a coffee sack on a bean-pole, and when I put the pants on—well, description fails. My object in writing is to ascertain whether you have not, in connection with your medicine business, an establishment where your patrons, similarly situated, could exchange these useless garments for others that would fit. I think you ought to have something of the kind, as it would be an inducement for many to use the Anti-Fat, who now object to using it, in consequence of the loss they would sustain in throwing aside valuable garments. Just turn this matter over in your mind. A "Clothing Exchange" is what you want in connection with your Anti-Fat business.

Yours truly,

—[*Com.*] GEORGE BOYD.

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It keeps them so intact;
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It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

—[*Com.*]

NEW YORK, *March* 1, 1878.

MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—For the past two years I have been afflicted with disease of the prostate gland, attended at times with intense pain; have been treated by several physicians, with but little relief; have been in Roosevelt Hospital for treatment there. I was told my disease was the same as A. T. STEWART'S and Commodore VANDERBILT'S; that I might get some relief, but could not be cured. On the 2d of February I commenced taking "Constitution Water;" to-day I call to say to you that I am well, and tender this testimonial.

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NINETY-NINE times out of a hundred those obscure complaints which make life miserable and are a perpetual puzzle to medical men, arise from sluggish action of the kidneys, or deposit in the urinary machinery. Neglected or animated gravel, diabetes, or Bright's disease is induced, and, after years of suffering, nature succumbs, and accelerated by the common treatment the patient dies. Science has discovered in "Constitution Water" a resolvent and alterative of tremendous power, which, exhibited in small doses, effectually relieves the system from all those incipient germs of lasting disease which attack the kidneys, bladder, and reproductive organs, while for female irregularities it proves a never failing specific. Tasteless as well as diminutive in doses, 40 drops being a maximum, Constitution Water never fails to cure.—[*Com.*]

FAT PEOPLE'S MISFORTUNES.

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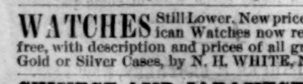

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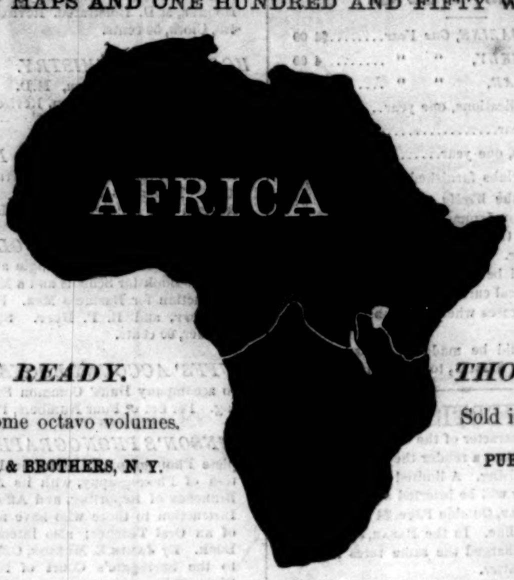

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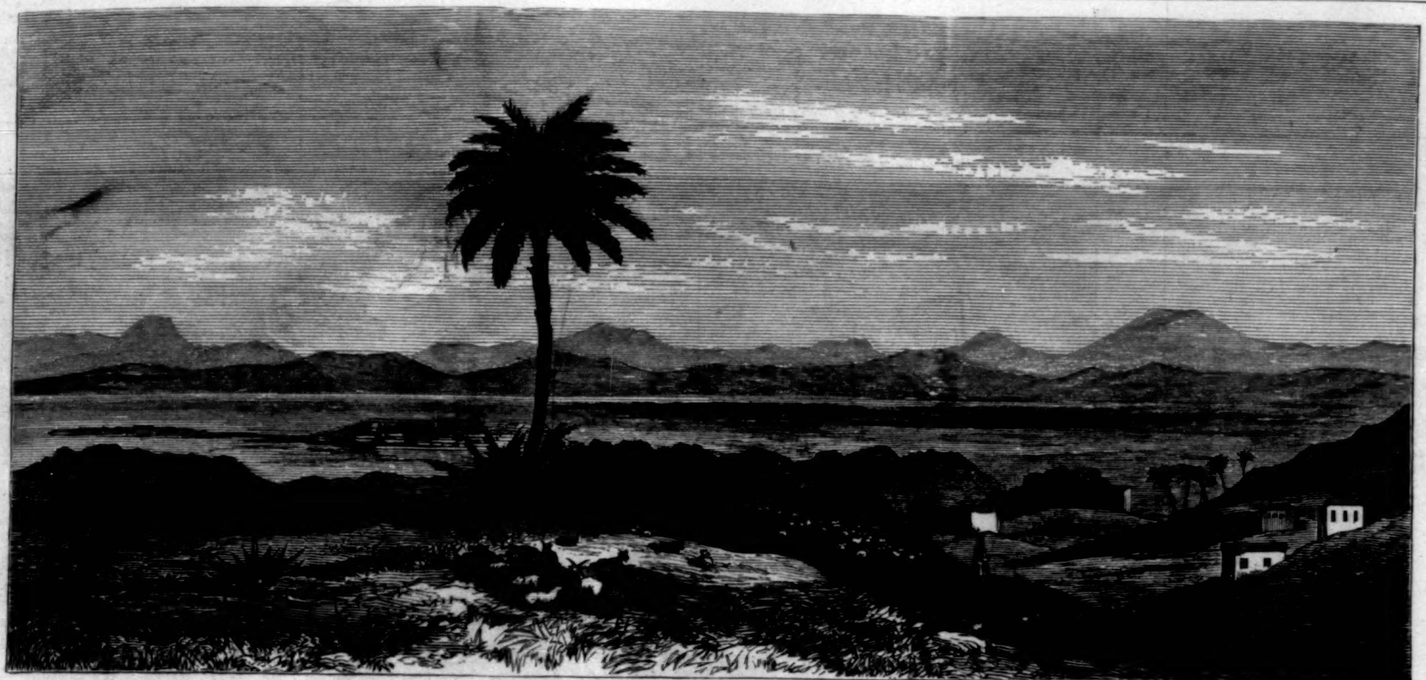

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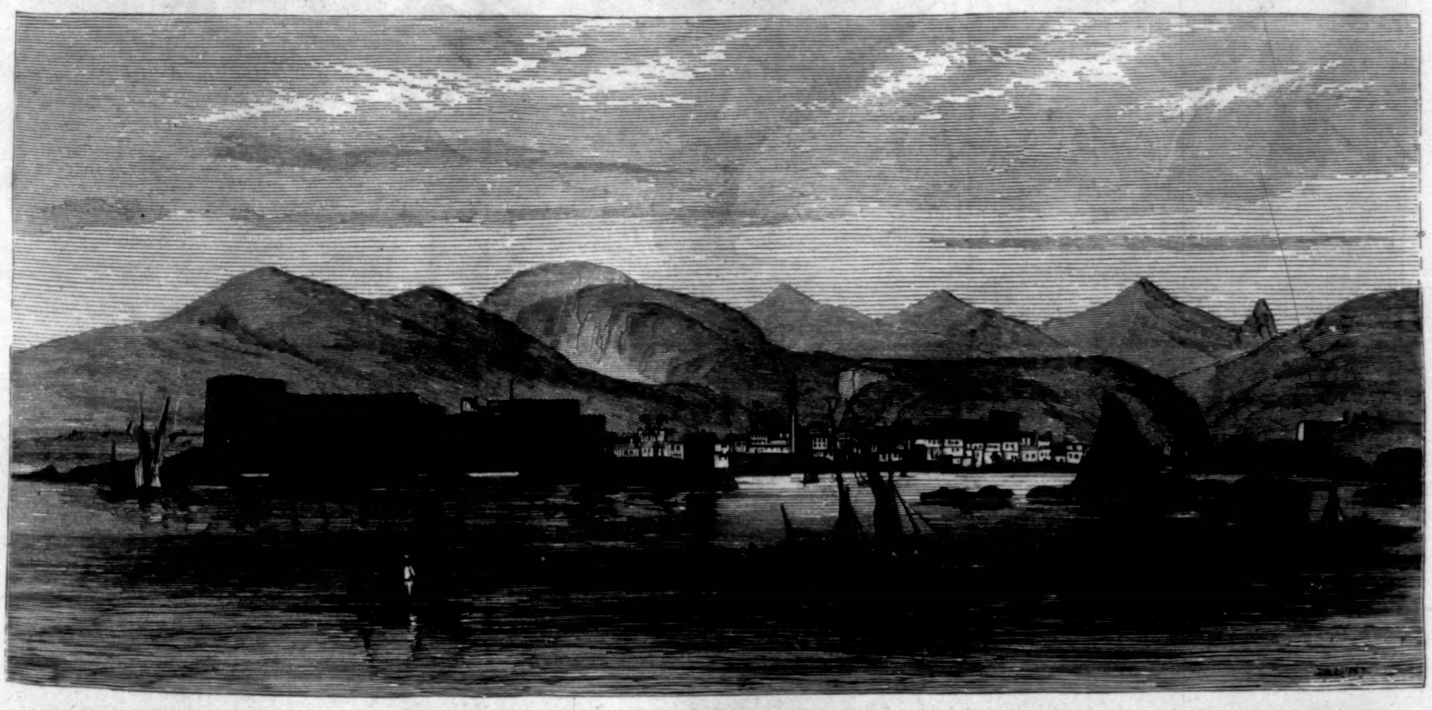

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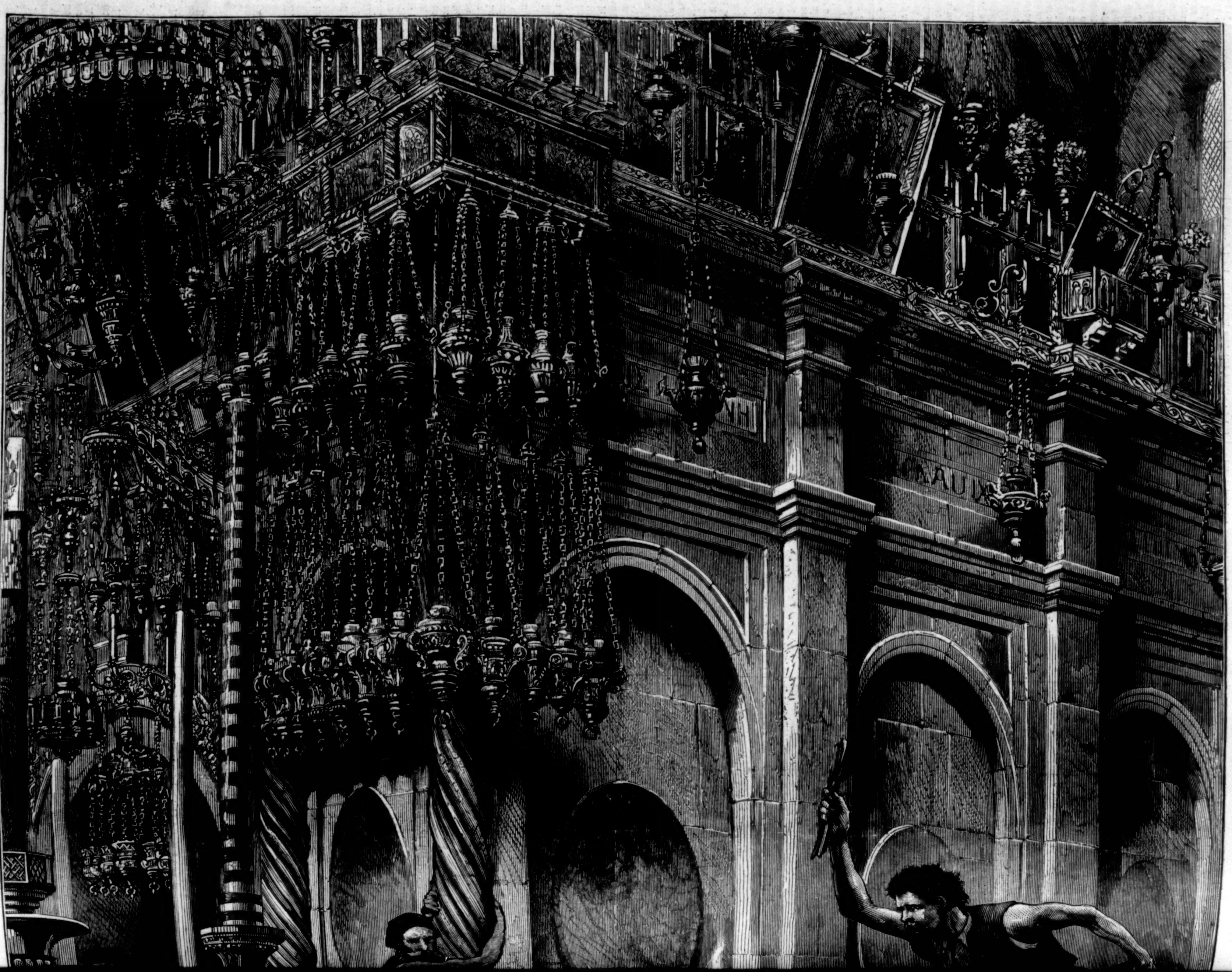
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